The Nation.

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The Week.

We drew attention the other day to the wavering policy of the Administration touching the tariff with Porto Rico. The President said in his annual message: "Our plain duty is to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico, and give her products free access to our markets." Secretary Root said in his annual report:

"The highest considerations of justice and good faith demand that we should not disappoint the confident expectation of sharing in our prosperity with which the people of Porto Rico so gladly transferred their allegiance to the United States, and that we should treat the interests of this people as our own; and I wish most strongly to urge that the customs duties between Porto Rico and the United States be removed."

That President McKinley and his Cabinet have been shaken in their purpose to carry out the policy so bravely proclaimed, has become plainly manifest in the last few days, but the change has been veiled by a desire to follow the lead of Congress, or, perhaps, to await a new decision of the Supreme Court. The President and Cabinet, we are told, want free trade with Porto Rico. They want to bring it about in the way that will cause the least disturbance in the popular mind; that is, they want free trade without a quarrel with the protectionists. They hope Congress will legislate in favor of free trade, but, although they have the power now, as is alleged, under the Court of Appeals decision in the Alaska case, to proclaim free trade by executive decree, they will not do so because they want Congress to take the initiative, thus maintaining the principle that Congress has authority to legislate separately for each of the colonies, regardless of the constitutional requirement that duties shall be uniform, and that no imposts shall be levied as between different parts of the United States. If they were to declare free trade now, it is said, or if Congress were to make sweeping general legislation, applicable to all colonies alike, these ends would be defeated.

This signifies a back-down from the high position taken when Congress met in December. It is Mr. McKinley's way of doing things, or rather of not doing them. He has had no colonial policy at any time. He has been waiting on Providence to supply him with one. He hopes to worry through the present session of Congress without coming to a decision on the main question of the day, which is this: What is the political status of our new possessions in the East and West Indies? Are they a part of this country, or not? Are their people citizens of the United States? If not, they must be subjects, like those of the Roman provinces of old, to be ruled by proconsuls and taxed according to our ideas and for our interests. Those who contend for this policy point to our dealings with the Indian tribes in our own territory. They forget that our statute-books are full of treaties with the Indian tribes, and that appropriations of money are made by Congress every year for the fulfilment of such treaties. In other words, the policy of the Government from the earliest times has been to treat with the Indian tribes as independent nations, however small they might be, until they reached a sufficient degree of civilization to be incorporated in the body politic. If any precedent is to be drawn from our relations with the North American Indians, it is altogether favorable to the idea of independence. We see nothing but increasing embarrassment to the Administration from its delay to carry out its declared purpose in favor of free trade with Porto Rico. We understand, of course, that the protectionists, who are threatening this and that if the McKinley plan is carried out, do not fear free trade with Porto Rico *per se*. They fear the precedent. They fear its application to the Philippines, to Cuba, and to the whole expansionist programme in the future, whatever that may be. They are wise in their generation. They are right in assuming that whatever policy is adopted now will prevail hereafter.

Seward's oft-repeated prediction, in the early part of the civil war, that the Confederacy would be overthrown within ninety days, has been recalled by the frequent statements of late that Gen. Otis would be able to report the complete pacification of the Philippine Islands within thirty days. That a proclamation announcing this as a fact may soon be issued, there seems every day increasing reason to believe. It also appears to be accepted at Washington as the fixed policy of the Administration that the President shall thereupon issue a proclamation extending amnesty to the insurgents, and denouncing as outlaws and bandits all who do not avail themselves of its terms. This would, of course, involve the shooting, at the discretion of any commanding officer in our army, of any native who might be caught in arms after the expiration of the time limit—whether he had heard of the proclamation or not. Considering such performances, in the past as the firing upon unarmed people in a native village, without necessity and without warning, by a young officer who had been appointed from civil life, it would seem that the power of shooting "niggers" at will would be a most dangerous one to confer indiscriminately.

Our gold-and-glory Philippine orators have now taken to drawing circles around Manila. Circles used to be drawn only about Hawaii. Honolulu was proved, by this method, to be the centre of all our commercial and military power. But now it is Manila. Thus, the Hon. John Barrett, in his address before the Philadelphia Geographical Society the other day, solemnly said to the assembled savants: "Draw a circle of 3,000 miles around Manila, and it will include more great entrepôts of trade, more millions of human beings, and more developed and undeveloped material and moral opportunity than a similar circle circumscribed about any other Pacific-Asiatic city." But we are pained to observe one of the listening geographers. Prof. Angelo Heilprin, treating this powerful argument with levity. He wants to know, in a letter to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, why Mr. Barrett didn't make his circle 6,000 miles, and so include nearly one-half the inhabited globe. Drawing circles on the map is a harmless affair—no foreign Power would treat it as a *casus belli;* therefore, why not make one big enough to take in the whole earth? Prof. Heilprin puts two perfectly heartless questions to Mr. Barrett:

"Is Mr. Barrett aware that a circle of 3,000 miles drawn around Boston would take in nearly the whole of the continent of North America, besides including within its confines such centres of population and industry as Liverpool, Manchester, London, Paris, and Madrid, not to mention all of the West Indian Islands and a big slice of northern South America? Does Mr. Barrett believe that any sane person recognizes any locality of the earth's surface to be the commercial centre of such a region as that which he figuratively describes?"

Coming just when our diplomatic success in helping to maintain the "open door" in China is still fresh in the public mind, there could be nothing more timely than the Chinese Minister's warning last week that open doors are of little value if the people behind them are not treated civilly and justly. To expect the Chinese to pour their money into our laps when they see themselves discriminated against in both the United States and its Pacific island possessions, is expecting too much, even from a long-suffering Oriental. No matter what the quality of the goods we may send them, no matter how tempting the bargains we may spread before them, it will not be possible to conceal the fact that the Chinaman is not a welcome visitor at our doors, and that laws exist which make it impossible for him to seek his

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home where the immigrants from all other countries are welcomed. Evidently the Chinese Minister has become familiar with the word reciprocity during his residence in Washington, and in his eyes reciprocity in trade means justice, fair dealing, and mutual respect on both sides. What the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast will say to this is a very different matter. But even our gold-and-glory statesmen ought to see that it will be impossible, as the Minister said, for the United States "to take everything and give nothing." As to his recommendations that American merchants should study their markets and not dump upon China any surplus wares without regard to their quality, it is only necessary to say that failure to heed similar advice in the past has driven Yankee traders out of markets, all the world over, in which they should and could have become predominant.

We can recall nothing more judicious in the treatment of our foreign relations than the speech made by Senator Hoar on Monday in reply to that of Senator Mason on his resolution of sympathy with the Boers. Senator Mason had alluded, in an uncouth tone, to the "arrogance, cowardice, and brutality of the English Government." Mr. Hoar reminded him that the Senate of the United States was a part of the diplomatic machinery of our Government, and that all words uttered in the Senate were charged with a degree of responsibility quite different from that of the stump. Mr. Hoar then addressed himself to the merits of the subject, and gave a temperate and almost pathetic expression of his own feeling in view of the bloodshed now in progress in South Africa. He had declared himself a "Boer sympathizer" some time ago. He now tells us what that attitude signifies. It is an attitude toward Great Britain "of warm, cordial friendship—I might almost say, an attitude of attachment and love—and that, when we think her in the wrong (as we pretty often have had occasion to do, and as some of our people now do), we have the same feeling which patriotic English have toward their own Government when they think it is in the wrong, and the same feeling which patriotic Americans have toward their own Government when they think it in the wrong." He had hoped that the time might come when an expression of our Government, or the opinion of the people of the United States, calmly and modestly made known, would have its effect on these contending parties, and bring about peace with justice and liberty.

It is reported from Washington, in a triumphant way, that in the hearings on the shipping-subsidy bill nearly all the witnesses are favorable to its passage. There is nothing wonderful in that. Here is a bill which proposes to give a bonus of $1,276,948 per year to the American Line for running four ships between New York and Southampton, not to mention the subsidies for the dozen or more ships of the same company running on other lines. With such a cash inducement as that, it is not surprising that witnesses can be found in abundance, and counsel in plenty, to advocate the voting of the money. On the other hand, who is to pay the travelling expenses of anybody to go to Washington to represent the taxpayers in general? Some persons familiar with the subject have gone there at their own private expense to oppose the bill, and one of these, Dr. S. A. Robinson, characterized it as "the most infamous measure that ever marched up Capitol Hill." He was right. This is a bill to pay out of the Treasury in nine years the whole cost of such a steamer as the New York or the Paris, at the end of which time she will be owned, not by the Government of the United States, which has paid for her, but by the company which has received her cost price—the United States being obliged to go on paying the yearly bonus eleven years longer. All this is to be done because Great Britain pays $35,000 (not $350,000) as subsidy for a ship like the *Teutonic* or the *Campania*.

One of the tricks in the Hanna subsidy bill is the pretence that the cost to the Treasury will never exceed $9,000,000 a year. If this were true, the professed aim of the bill could never be attained. What the subsidy-seekers say they mean to do is to put our foreign commerce under the American flag. They point with astonishment and grief to the fact that only 15 per cent. of it is now done by American ships. Well, suppose we advance to 30 per cent., or 60, or 90, what would the cost be under the Hanna bill? It has been carefully figured out by ex-Commissioner of Navigation Bates, and he declares that, if 30 per cent. of the trade were done in American bottoms, the subsidy payments would be, the first year, $12,000,000; if 60 per cent., $24,000,000; if 90, $36,000,000. By the end of the twenty years for which contracts are to be made, and allowing for the natural increase in commerce, the Treasury would have to pay out $45,000,000 a year in subsidies if only 50 per cent. of the trade were under the American flag! This is the richness on which Hanna has his eyes fastened. That $9,000,000 maximum would endure about as long as it took to get a bill through repealing it. At any rate, the scheme is self-contradictory as it stands. If Hanna is to "restore the flag" in the way he says he is, his limit on the sum available is obviously fixed far too low. There was no limit at all in last year's bill; the one inserted this year is plainly intended to deceive.

The House of Representatives on Friday "vindicated the sanctity of the American home" by action which prevents a polygamist from serving as a national law-maker. Unfortunately, unnecessarily, and unjustly, it did violence to the Constitution of the United States in accomplishing this result, when the same end might have been reached in a much more impressive manner by compliance with the fundamental law of the land. Roberts ought not to serve as a Congressman—everybody except Roberts takes this view. But the man whom the people of Utah elected as their Representative, and who met the Constitutional tests, was as much entitled to be sworn in as a member of the House on the first Monday of December as was Representative Tayler of Ohio, who led the movement for exclusion. This plain right having been granted, the House might then have proceeded to his expulsion without a moment's delay beyond what a fair consideration of the charges against his character should demand. Not only would he have been expelled by more than the requisite two-thirds vote, but there is no reason to suppose that a single Representative would have favored keeping him in his seat.

The decision rendered on Monday, in the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, declaring the "anti-monopoly" act of Illinois unconstitutional, appears to rest on solid grounds. That act, which was passed in 1893, declared in terms that its provisions did not extend to agricultural products or live stock in the hands of the producer or raiser. In other words, it assumed that monopoly was wrong in the case of some goods and some persons, and right in the case of others. It seems pretty clear that such an act is properly described, as Judge Kohlsaat says, as both class and special legislation, and therefore in contravention of both the State and Federal Constitutions. It was speciously urged that the exception might be held void, and the remainder of the act constitutional. To this it was replied that such a decision by the courts would make the act binding on the very classes which the Legislature had deliberately excluded. That would be judicial legislation of the most flagrant character. The truth is gradually emerging that, if anti-monopoly laws are to stand the constitutional tests, they must apply to farmers and to laborers as well as other classes—a truth which makes the task of the legislator a very heavy one. No class in the community is more disposed to form combinations for industrial purposes than the farmers, and these combinations are frequently necessary for their protection against extremes in prices. Many of the laborers are also firmly convinced that combination is necessary for their prosperity, and yet the combinations which

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they form savor of monopoly. On the whole it seems that, if there are to be anti-monopoly laws, they must be impartial and universal—a requirement which would silence a large part of the outcry for such legislation.

Mr. Bourke Cockran announces that he is ready to support Bryan for the Presidency this year. He was the most effective Democratic supporter of McKinley on the stump during the last Presidential campaign. He bases his change of position on what he considers the change of issues. He regards imperialism as the most important question before the people in 1900, and he would make the Democratic campaign on the reaffirmation of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Cockran makes what we must consider a fanciful suggestion, that the Democratic national convention next summer ought to declare in favor of preserving the financial *status quo* for four years, and bringing up the free-silver question again for the campaign of 1904. We are surprised that he did not see and say that the Republicans in Congress are practically eliminating the free-coinage issue by passing a bill which they maintain will render it impossible for Bryan and a silver Secretary of the Treasury to shake the gold standard. Once convince the country that the Democrats cannot do any harm to the national finances if they shall carry the election next fall, and the people will not give much thought to the silver question. But nobody can tell yet whether the people will take this view. Meanwhile, Mr. Bryan explicitly repudiates "anything in the shape of a truce," and Mr. Cockran wants to know whether he will yield to the decision of the convention as to the timeliness of taking the sense of the people on the Chicago platform of 1896.

In the selection of Francis Hendricks of Syracuse for Superintendent of the Insurance Department, to succeed Lou Payn, the Republican machine has snatched victory from defeat. The real significance of Mr. Hendricks's appointment is found in the statement by Gov. Roosevelt, last Friday, that Mr. Hendricks was his first choice for the place, that Mr. Hendricks twice declined the office, but that finally, upon Wednesday of last week, being once more urged to accept the post, he had informed the Governor by telephone, that "*he would accept the office if the 'Republican organization' would support the nomination. This support was promised by the 'Republican organization,'* and, therefore, Mr. Hendricks's name will be sent to the Senate at the beginning of the week." Mr. Hendricks should make a good Superintendent. He has served long and creditably in public life—in his own city, as President of the Fire Commission and Mayor; in the Legislature, as member of the Assembly for two years, and a Senator for six; under the Federal Government, as Collector of the Port of New York, from September 17, 1891, to March 6, 1893. He is a man of unsullied personal character, high business standing, and ambition to make a good record in public office. He is thus at all points a welcome contrast to the man whom he will succeed. Yet, good man as he is, creditable as has been his past, and promising as is the outlook for an honest administration of the Insurance Department, the selection of Mr. Hendricks remains a signal triumph for the machine. The great evil which afflicts us, alike in the metropolis and in the commonwealth at large, is the overshadowing influence of "the organization." This is equally true of the Democratic party in New York city and of the Republican party in the State. No Democrat can rise to high position in the city without the consent of Tammany; no Republican to a prominent State office without the consent of the Republican machine.

Every one is interested in the construction of the rapid-transit tunnel on Manhattan Island, but no body of citizens feels more deeply on the subject than the leaders of the labor unions. They have succeeded in limiting the hours of daily work on the enterprise to eight; but that does not content them. What they really want is to have only members of the unions employed. If this cannot be accomplished, at all events, they maintain, no alien labor should be employed on the work. Some of the representatives of labor have suggested that if an alien belonged to a union he might be allowed to participate; but this doctrine was repudiated by the Central Federated Union. The late Stephen Walker, who was long President of the old Board of Education in this city, was in the habit of replying to those who asked about the functions of that body, that they consisted in taking care that the instruction given in the New York schools should be undenominational in character. The labor unions are not very active in their inquiries as to the character of the services to be rendered on the rapid-transit enterprise, but they are bound that it shall not be contaminated by the coöperation of foreigners. As one leader declared, "No self-respecting American citizen could compete with the alien labor brought from Europe, to whom a fishball would be a big luxury."

The annual report of the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce for 1899 pays special attention to the trade relations of the United States and Germany, which it characterizes as unsatisfactory. The blame for the situation is of course placed upon the Dingley tariff, and the harassing restrictions and regulations to which German exporters to the United States are subjected. In regard to the importations of American meats, the Chamber's conclusions cannot fail to give great satisfaction on this side of the Atlantic. The report points out that the large reward offered for a case of trichinosis in consequence of the consumption of American meat is still unclaimed, and that attempts to cause the disease in German animals, by introducing in them trichinæ from American swine, were quite unsuccessful. The Hamburg merchants therefore ask with much reason why the laboring classes should be deprived of this cheap food supply, now practically shut out by the rigorous inoculation and quarantine regulations. They do not hesitate to admit the fact that German producers will never be able to compete with foreign cattle-raisers, and earnestly urge the doing away with all restrictions on meat importations, not only because they believe this would be an economically wise move, but also because it would mean the removal of a serious cause of irritation in the trade relations between their country and the United States.

One must go far back in history to find a parallel to the severe blow inflicted by the Boers upon English military prestige when they forced the retreat of Gen. Warren's division to its original position south of the Tugela River. Gen. Buller may lay stress, if he pleases, upon the fact that the retreat was successfully conducted, but it was a retreat none the less, and in the face of his now famous instructions to his army, "Our Generals will only give one order, namely, 'Advance!'" it cannot fail to have a demoralizing effect upon his army, again checked when almost in sight of its beleaguered comrades in Ladysmith. As the three frontal attacks failed in the second week in December, so the much applauded flank movement has failed in the last week of January. There is only one other manœuvre left open to Gen. Buller—a movement to turn the Boers' left flank, and the fall of Ladysmith may be reported before this can be properly begun. For many reasons this news would be welcome to the English commanders, in spite of the additional blow to English pride which the loss of the garrison within twenty miles of a relieving army would inflict. It would undo the original military blunders of the campaign—the attempt to hold isolated fortified places instead of falling back for a general concentration, and then advancing along the best route into the enemy's territory. It would enable Lord Roberts to begin over again by marching upon Bloemfontein from the positions now held by Gen. French, through an open country favorable to English modes of campaigning.

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A FEDERAL CORRUPT-PRACTICES ACT.

One who had not looked into the matter would be surprised to find how little federal legislation there is in force designed to preserve the purity of elections. Chapter 7 of "Crimes" in the Revised Statutes of the United States has some twenty-eight sections devoted to "crimes against the elective franchise," but many of these were repealed in 1894; the one section, 5507, which enacted penalties for bribery has been held unconstitutional, and the whole is practically inoperative as against modern methods of corrupting the franchise. As regards Senators and Representatives, either house, in judging of the qualifications of its members, may and doubtless would refuse to admit a man who had bought his seat with a too reckless violation of the Eleventh Commandment—not to be found out. But, aside from this doubtful resource—which, of course, is of no avail whatever in the case of Presidential electors—we have practically no federal protection of the purity of the ballot-box.

Yet the need of some bulwark against corruption of national elections was never so crying as it is to-day. Senator Hanna is almost openly preparing to raise a huge corruption fund for the next Presidential campaign. He has cynically proclaimed "money" as the great need of his party, and declared emphatically in Philadelphia the other day that "one dollar of campaign funds to-day is worth five dollars three months hence." Hanna is the Sir Gorgeous Midas of politics. His theory of nominations and elections is exactly the same as his theory of iron ore and railway bonds—if you want any, buy them. Every man has his price, and Hanna has the money. With him the true remedy for bribery is more bribery. A campaign fund is all he asks; give him that, and he will do the rest. Doubtless his appetite is only whetted by the huge sum he had the handling of in 1896. Just how great it was has never been made known. Grosvenor says he knows to a dollar, but will not tell. We are credibly informed and believe that it was $8,000,000. Hanna would no doubt argue that it ought to be at least $16,000,000 this year; for are we not twice as prosperous as we were in 1896?

Now it needs no argument to show that any such amount of money, or the tenth of it, in the hands of any man or party, collected in secret and spent irresponsibly, is a standing and enormous peril to the franchise. Something ought to be done to check it, but what? Most of the States have passed laws against corrupt practices in elections, but Congress has been a laggard. Yet the evil is national, and requires a national remedy. It is confessedly, however, a difficult thing for Congress to get at under its constitutional limitations. Full power over the "manner" of the election of Senators and Representatives is vested in Congress, and it would be well if some act were passed, like the English corrupt-practices act, regulating the amount of money a candidate for the national legislature might spend. But this, confessedly, would not go to the root of the matter, as it is Presidential electors that Hanna needs money to "educate," and their appointment is left wholly with the States.

Yet we think the thing can be got at indirectly. Congress and public opinion working together can reach the two great evils to be corrected—the secret contribution of money for corrupt purposes and its spending in secret. It has been suggested, for example, that it should be made a penal offence for a corporation as such to give any money to party war-chests. Congress is no doubt empowered to pass a law to that effect which would apply to the larger corporations, if not to all. It would be a perfectly proper law. The presumption is that any funds given by a corporation to a political boss are given with corrupt intent. A corporation as such can have no politics. If it pretends to, it can be only business in the guise of politics; and campaign contributions made under those circumstances are plainly a mere investment on the principle of *do ut des*. As corporations grow in number and power, the urgent need of laws cutting them off from mischievous interference with party politics is more apparent than ever. The State Legislatures and Congress cannot move too speedily to make corporation gifts to party funds a crime.

But the great remedy would be publicity. If national party committees had to publish a full report of the sources and amount of the money raised by them and present vouchers for its expenditure, a good part of the evil would be done away with at a stroke. Many of the mysterious rewards of rich men, in the shape of foreign missions and so on, would be impossible if it were known in this way that the discovery of their diplomatic talent was made at the same time as that of the size of their campaign contribution—money advanced, as Mr. Whitney said in the Van Alen affair, when "needs were many and friends were few." The value of the unwitting publicity in the case mentioned suggests what a gain it would be for public morals if the whole monetary transactions of party committees had to be spread out in the light of day. Whether Congress can constitutionally compel this is, of course, a doubtful question. But it ought to try to. Hanna contesting in the Supreme Court a law ordering him to publish his accounts as party manager would be an edifying spectacle.

The chief thing to aim at is agitation and the rousing of public opinion. We are surprised that the Democrats in Congress are so lethargic in this matter. Here is the most brazenly commercial boss of modern times practically notifying them that he means to buy the next election away from them. He is frying his fat in public. He is laying the foundations of corruption broad and deep. His subsidy bill, his Nicaragua-Canal bill—all the promise and potency of jobbery in financing and exploiting imperialism—these things, to his practical mind, are useful mainly as a basis for campaign contributions. He believes profoundly in gratitude as the expectation of favors to come, and is dangling the favors so that the expectant recipients will come down with the dust. It is a shameful and dangerous business, and we urge the Democrats in Congress to bestir themselves against these advertised designs on the purity of the franchise. Let them at least bring the facts to public notice, in speech and resolution and bill, and in all ways bite it into the minds of Americans that there is a conspiracy afoot to buy the next Presidential election.

THE TAX ON BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES.

Nothing has given those who struggle with the subject of taxation in this State so much trouble as the effort to derive revenue from capital employed in the banking business. The difficulty has been mainly due to the fact that most of the banks are organized under national law. The United States law forbids the taxing of the capital of these institutions by State authority, but permits their shares to be included in the assessment of the personal property of their holders, provided it be not assessed "at a higher rate than other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens." Under this authority an act was passed in this State in 1866 providing for the assessment of bank shares to the holders, and the payment of the tax by the banks, which were to keep back the amount in the payment of dividends.

Under the interpretation of this law given by the Attorney-General, and sustained by the State courts, no deduction from the assessments was allowed for debt; but the question reached the Supreme Court of the United States in 1880, and that tribunal held that, as such deduction was made in the case of other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens, this law as interpreted by the Court of Appeals was in conflict with the national statute, and so far invalid. A new law was then passed specifically declaring, in the terms of the act of Congress, that the capital of national banks should be exempt from taxation, but providing that their shares should be included in the assessment of the personal property of the holders, that the rate of assessment should not be higher than that of other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citi-

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zens, and that deductions for debt should be allowed as in the case of other personal property. The provision was retained for the payment of the tax by the banks, and its collection from the stockholders by deduction from dividends. A separate act put State banks on precisely the same footing.

The practice which has grown up under the incongruity of national and State law has been a technical evasion. Lists of stockholders are furnished by the banks to the assessors, and the shares are nominally assessed to them, their value being arrived at from statements made by the bank officers. It is virtually calculated from the amount of capital, surplus, and undivided profits, with a deduction of the assessed value of real estate and certain other allowances deemed equitable. It is what is called the "book value" of the stock, and is generally quite different from the market value. There is practically no payment by the shareholders, and even the assessment is a matter between the assessors and the bank officers. The banks pay the tax as part of their yearly expense, and deduct it from the dividends only in the sense that the dividends are necessarily reduced so much on account of it without applying the deduction to the shares individually. So far as stockholders are concerned, it is an indirect tax, of which they are not conscious, and it is assumed by the banks as a charge upon their capital. While the system of assessment has been fairly equitable and uniform in this city, assessors in other parts of the State have used their discretion in the most arbitrary fashion. In many places banks have been made to bear the chief burden of taxation. They have been assessed very unequally in proportion to their resources in different counties, and almost always excessively in proportion to the burden imposed upon "moneyed capital" employed in manufacturing and trade.

The banks have long had the grievance of excessive and unequal taxation, in spite of the restriction of the national law in regard to those in the national system, and latterly they have had a new cause of complaint in the growing competition of trust companies. These companies are all State corporations, and are simply taxed as such on their franchises and on their "property." Their capital and surplus and undivided profits are included in the assessment, but they are required by law to invest their capital in real-estate mortgages and certain public securities which are exempt from taxation, and they are at liberty to invest their surplus in the same kind of securities, so far as they see fit. The amount of their non-taxable securities is deducted from their assessment for taxation, and the result is that the tax which they pay varies greatly with the different companies, and at different times, according to the way in which their funds are invested or employed. On the whole, the burden of taxation which they carry is much lighter than that of the banks.

No great fault was found with this so long as the trust companies were regarded as fiduciary institutions, whose main business was the custody and safe employment of trust funds, but in the last few years they have been branching out greatly in their financial operations. Not only have they become trustees of the mortgages of great corporations and agents in their reorganization, but they have become promoters of industrial organizations and underwriters of their securities. Some of them have extended into the banking field, not only by loaning money on call, but by buying commercial paper and keeping mercantile accounts for deposits subject to daily check, upon which they pay interest. They have been crowding the banks very seriously in their own proper field, and the result is seen in their multiplication and the increase of their capital and their profits, while banks have been going out of business or consolidating, and their aggregate capital in this State has diminished. The State banks have suffered most, and their very existence has been threatened.

So far as the question of taxation is concerned, the joint legislative committee, which has just submitted a report on that subject, proposes a remedy for the inequality between banks and trust companies; and it is one of which the latter have no reason to complain, considering their advantages in other respects. It would simply impose an exclusively State tax of one per cent. upon all banks and trust companies alike. To conform technically to the United States law in respect to national banks, this is called a tax upon "shares," and the assessed value of the shares of each institution is to be determined by adding together its stock capital, surplus, and undivided profits and deducting the value of its real estate, which would still be assessed locally. This is, strictly speaking, an evasion of the restriction of the national law, for this State tax would be practically a tax upon the capital of the banks, and it would not be even in effect an inclusion of their shares in the assessment of personal property in the hands of their holders; but it presents, on the whole, so just and equitable, as well as so judicious and convenient, a solution of a perplexing problem, that it ought to be accepted without contest by banks and trust companies alike.

OUR ERIE CANAL POLICY.

After attentive perusal of the report of the canal committee, of which Gen. F. V. Greene is chairman, we concur with Gov. Roosevelt that its recommendations are wise and proper, and that the State ought not to abandon its great canal. This is not our preconceived opinion. When the Aldridge fiasco was exposed, and it was shown that the $9,000,000 appropriated by the Legislature had been wasted or worse than wasted, we inclined to the opinion that further expenditure would be useless, and we agreed with Abram S. Hewitt that it would be best to await events and gather more accurate information. Events have been telling their tale in the loss of still more of our trade, and now the more accurate information that was needed has come in abundant measure. It is seldom that we have seen a report on any public question more methodical, painstaking, and convincing. It leaves out no part of the problem. It minimizes none of the difficulties in the way of proposed enlargement. It exaggerates none of the dangers of supineness and delay. It presents to the people of the State the great question: Will you avail yourselves of the advantages that nature bestowed upon you; will you preserve the supremacy that your fathers bought for you when they opened the great waterway to the West; will you keep what you have got; or will you let all these things pass away, lose half your property, and sink into decrepitude and decay? To these questions there should be only one answer. The cost of the work seems large—it rises to $60,000,000; but the losses that confront us if we do nothing are obviously much greater. They cannot be computed in exact figures, but they must be many times the cost of the proposed work on the canal.

Upon this point, the report of the Schieren Commission, which was sent in by the Governor simultaneously with that of the canal committee, is very important. This Commission was appointed to investigate the causes of and remedies for the decline in the volume of commerce of the port of New York. The Commission finds that there has been a relative decline in our exports during recent years, and that while New York has been losing, Montreal, Boston, Baltimore, Newport News, New Orleans, and Galveston have been gaining. The reason for this alarming state of facts is that the rates of transportation and terminal charges at these ports are less than those at New York. It is cheaper to send grain to Europe by way of our rival ports than via New York. No matter what may be the reasons making for cheapness on the other routes, they will take the business from us if they can do it for less money. No sane person will send his goods by our route if some other route offers to do the work at a lower rate. Nothing seemed more improbable a few years ago than that Newport News, Va., should prove itself an important grain-exporting point. Yet we find it looming up as a formidable competitor with New York and Baltimore in the North, and with Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans in the South,

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This result has been achieved by small margins of cheapness, carefully studied out and steadily pursued year after year. Such results will always follow from similar causes. New York is no more exempt from their operation than the planets in space are exempt from their pulls upon each other.

The charges made by the Schieren Commission against the New York Central Railroad Company are serious, and almost savage in tone. The charge is that this railroad has entered into an agreement with other roads forming the "Trunk Line Association," whereby a differential rate against New York is allowed as an offset against the natural advantages which our harbor affords for ocean commerce. If there were no Trunk Line Association, and if inland commerce were free, these natural advantages would tell in favor of New York: her supremacy would be maintained by the same causes which first established it. But if it is agreed by all the railroads, including those of New York, that a lower rate of carriage shall be made to other ports, in order to offset the natural advantages of New York, then anything may happen unfavorable to her trade. The question of how large a differential shall be allowed against us will always be an open one, and each new improvement adopted by us at great cost may be neutralized by taking a vote in a board of half-a-dozen gentlemen. The system seems indefensible, yet the New York Central's answer would probably be that only in this way can paying rates be obtained for the carrying of grain at all. Without the differential the other roads cannot exist. Therefore, seeing that they might as well perish in one way as another, they will put the rate so low that neither the New York Central nor any other road can make a profit.

This fight about differentials has been going on, with varying results, but on the whole adversely to New York, ever since the day of Commodore Vanderbilt. The time seems to have come for the adoption of radical means to secure for New York the advantages to which her natural position entitles her. We have no confidence in any measures of coercion against the New York Central to compel it to change its policy. It is acting under coercion now. It does not want to cripple the commerce of New York. Its officers are under a grim necessity to earn dividends, and they find only one way possible, and that is to tolerate a differential which they would be glad to abolish if they could. If the canal enlargement proposed by Gen. Greene's committee shall abolish this differential or annul its effects, it will be cheap for the city and State at the price named. This is a matter for engineers and other experts to determine. If their decision is in the affirmative, then we had best carry out the Governor's recommendations. But, as we have previously said, the first step to be taken is to put all work on the canal, both of enlargement and of subsequent management, on the solid basis of a reformed civil service. Without this not a dollar should be spent upon new work, but rather should the present canals be sold at once to the highest bidder.

THE EDUCATION OF EXAMPLE.

I was much interested the other day in reading the *Nation* article on "Reform by Social Stigma," following up a line of argument already opened by President Hadley of Yale. Your proposal that we should avoid the company of dishonest men in general is, of course, a difficult one to follow, however useful it may be, owing to the way in which the good and the bad mingle in society. The good, unhappily, are not marked off from the bad by any clear line of demarcation. They have to work with them, to depend upon them, to accept aid from them in all sorts of laudable enterprises, both in the church and in the world. To evince positive disapproval of the rogues every day would be a terrible task, from which young men, who have their fortunes to make, would naturally shrink. I remember during the civil war that a lady in a country town, who had joined a society of her own sex to help the war, told me that the duty of "rebuking Copperheads" was set down in the list of those incumbent on its members. She said, with a look of despair, that all others she had faithfully discharged, but "rebuking Copperheads was something she could not do." So it will always be, I fear, with a large number of our good people. They will always find the task of telling a man that he is a knave, or indicating to him their opinion of him, a little too much for their virtue.

In this, however, as in many other things, there is a sort of half-way house. We may not always be able to avoid a rascal's company, but surely we need not seek it—if not for our own sake, for that of our children. To me, nothing is more strange than our indifference to the effect on our youth of our political manners. The extent of our reliance, in education in the duties of citizenship, on books, pamphlets, lectures, leaflets, "talks," is something amazing. We seem to forget altogether the effect upon a youth of the *milieu* in which his father and family live, of the people whom they see at their house, and of the estimation in which he finds they hold them. It is out of this that he really gets his idea of citizenship, however gratefully he may accept the books or listen to the lectures. A filial boy naturally believes that the men his father sees and "confers" with are as good as there are, and that the work in which they are engaged is honorable and useful work.

I have been familiar for twenty years with the history of Thomas C. Platt. Twenty years ago he was about the most despised and insignificant man, outside the penitentiary, in this State. When the *Tribune* used to be calling him "Me Too," he was the general laughing-stock. He is now one of the most powerful and respected. And yet his career has been one of political fraud and intrigue, and studious and protracted efforts to break down the old Constitution of the State and to impede efforts to reform it. I think few intelligent persons will deny that he is on a par with Croker, and we know the account Croker gave of himself the other day. Platt imitates him in every particular. Now how has he reached this bad eminence? Simply by success in getting ostensibly decent people to consult with him, to keep company with him, and follow his advice and example. How do you expect the children, when they see this man courted and invited to his house by the Governor of the State, to think that he is a bad man, or that his methods or way of life are odious? What do you suppose Gov. Roosevelt's children think of Platt? Why, that he is a dear old friend of their father's, and a good example for a rising young man. It is only a short time ago that a number of leading citizens of New York exposed enormous political frauds committed, connived at, and encouraged by Platt, and swore roundly that they would never, never have anything to do with him again. In a year or two they were all good friends with him, and some of them gladly accepted office at his hands. What impression do you suppose this makes on the boys? Why, either that their fathers lied when they said that Platt was guilty of fraud, or that there was no great harm in Platt's frauds, after all. Which conclusion do you think they are likely to reach?

The truth is, every one, or almost every one, admits that our standards of honor, of honesty, and of patriotism in public men, need to be greatly raised; but what to me is droll is that we expect that the next election will surely do the business. I think the process will be a long and tedious one. The general uplifting which has to take place, if America is to fulfil her mission among the nations, must be begun lower down, among the youth of the country, by showing them that there is a difference between men, both in morals and in conduct. You need not "cut" bad men, but you surely can avoid conferring with, coöperating with, lying and cheating with them.

It is not very long since two men from whom this generation expected a good deal, Messrs. Lodge and Roosevelt, filled the colleges with a terrible hullabaloo about the duty of plunging into public life, and, as they said, "accomplishing something." In fact, Lodge administered a stunning Phi Beta Kappa rebuke to Harvard College for criticising his career instead of imitating it. Well, one of the earliest acts of their political life was to vote for and support for the Presidency a man whose dishonesty and unfitness for the office they had two or three months previously admitted, exposed, and denounced. And they did this through sheer cowardice, the fear of being expelled from the Republican party. Since then Lodge's career has been simply a series of "base compliances." There is nothing, however absurd, including silver, for which he thought there was a majority, that he has not advocated. Roosevelt has been a useful civil servant, but the routine of civil life was too much for him. He had to break loose and go to war. His military exploits have procured him the Governorship of this State. The first use he makes of this is to share its powers and duties with our greatest corruptionist and our greatest enemy of good administration.

It is, therefore, hardly necessary to say that the notion of these gentlemen that they

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would "accomplish something," is a mere phantasm. They accomplish nothing worth mentioning. They may turn a rogue now and then out of some trumpery place, and put a slightly better man in for a short term, or hinder the passage of a blackmailing act. But the great evil of the day, the boss system of government, they do not touch. On the contrary, they increase the boss's credit and authority; and when their own little day is over, they leave him more firmly established than ever.

Since representative institutions have been established on a popular basis, that is, within the present century, two great reforms have been achieved by agitation, the abolition of the corn laws in England and the abolition of slavery in America. But these were achieved by men who had convictions, which they would not change though the sky should fall, who stood to their guns in the darkest hour, and bore defeat without flinching. They never "conferred" with the enemies of their cause, or thought they were "accomplishing something" when they made an "ignoble peace." This is the way and these are the men to inflame the imagination of youth, and educate its conscience in a modern state. I remember how my own blood was stirred as a young man by seeing Wendell Phillips, facing a hostile audience, serene and resolute, though not still; his hand thrust into the breast of his frock-coat, like an artilleryman standing behind his piece, waiting for the enemy to get within range. The courage never to submit or yield is the courage we need to-day, for civil life more than for military life. E. L. G.

SERRAO'S 'CONQUEST OF ROME.'

PARIS, January 10, 1900.

I doubt if we are becoming very humanitarian and international in politics, notwithstanding our peace congresses and conferences; but we are certainly becoming very international in literature. It may be because novel-reading seems to be now one of the necessaries of life. I have been told that there appears on the average one new novel a day in Paris. The huge piles of them, which often have catching titles and title-pages, disappear more or less rapidly from the bookseller's shop; they never remain long, and have to make place for others. What becomes of the unsold volumes is a problem which has often puzzled me. There are about a dozen writers whose volumes have an assured sale, and of them you can see edition after edition rapidly succeeding each other. These writers have the ear of the public, and some of them make brilliant fortunes; the happy few are looked upon with envy by the legion of those who have still a name to make, and the immense majority of whom are sure to see their works sink into oblivion.

Foreign novels are a great and important addition to the novel-reader's *menu*. Russian novels were the first to invade the French market. Russia was made known to us by such eminent writers as Turgeneff and Tolstoy; and after we had admired their masterpieces, some of us wished to know Dostoyevsky and other less eminent writers. We became familiar with what was called *l'âme russe*, and there was all the more reason why we should try to understand the Russians when politically they became our allies.

Our acquaintance with modern Italian romantic literature is much more recent. Our familiarity with Russian literature dates from the time when Ivan Turgeneff made Paris his home, and was familiarly mingling with French society and French writers; we have not yet seen any Italian writer choosing Paris for his headquarters. The influence of French literature is, however, much felt in the Italian works which are beginning to attract our attention. The Italian novel-writers of the day are devoted to the principles of realism or naturalism, as you choose to call it; in fact, they are intensely realistic, but they have chosen to cover their principles with a new word—they are *verists*, devoted to truth, and to truth only. Among the recruits of this school are counted Verga, who may be considered the chief, the flag-bearer; Luigi Capuana, Cameroni, Ciàmpoli, De Roberto; but the most brilliant of the verists is a woman, Madam Matilda Serrao.

Verga's history is a curious one. He belongs, like many of the writers of the new school, to the southern part of Italy—to Sicily. His family owned a property at Vizzini, near Mineo. An epidemic of cholera induced it to emigrate, but Verga, though he became a member of the best clubs of Rome and of Milan, always remembered the poor people of Sicily. He described, in his popular novel 'The Malavoglia,' the manners of the fishermen of the coast; he wrote the libretto of the "Cavalleria Rusticana," which has become so popular; he traced for himself a programme of work which is only partly fulfilled.

But I will not speak now of Verga, and I return to Mme. Serrao, as she has taken, so to speak, the French public by storm. Several of her stories or novels have been translated into French and have had an immense success. There is no exaggeration in saying that, in the opinion of French readers, though every work of art loses immensely in a translation, Mme. Serrao has placed herself on the level of the greatest novelists of our time. She, too, represents the genius of South Italy, so full of life, of animation, of passion, rather than the more cold and prudent spirit of Northern Italy. But she may be said to be a product of the revolution which has unified the north and the south; and her great novel, 'The Conquest of Rome,' is, consciously or unconsciously, symbolic of this great revolution.

I have seldom received so vivid a literary impression, I might almost say sensation, as on reading the beginning of 'The Conquest of Rome,' describing the journey from Capua to Rome of a newly elected young Deputy of the southern province of the Basilicata. The Deputy is alone in a special car; he cannot sleep, he is cold; accustomed to the heat of the South, he set out on his journey without overcoat and with a modest trunk. He holds in his hand his Deputy's medal, with his name engraved on it, Francesco San Giorgio. He looks out of the window. "The train went on silently, now in the plain; the wheels turning on smooth rails did not disturb the sleep of the travellers; lighted windows flew past on the black earth—not a shadow behind the panes. The huge sleeping-car ran in the night as if pushed by an implacable and ardent will, carrying with it all wills disarmed by repose." San Giorgio alone is awake; he has left the paternal home, the little place where he has spent dull, insipid years as a small lawyer. He thinks of Rome. "These four letters, round, clear, sonorous as the trumpets of an army on the march, danced before his eyes with the obstinacy of a fixed idea." He had never been there, for want of leisure, for want of money. He saw Rome only in the abstract, like a huge mystery, an ideal apparition, an immense and indistinct feature. "Ah! how he liked this Rome! He figured it to himself as a colossal human shadow, extending maternal arms towards him to enfold him in a powerful embrace. . . . He thought that he heard in the night the irresistible softness of a feminine voice pronouncing his name. . . . Rome called him, was waiting for him as a mother waits for her son after a long absence."

When he approaches the great capital, his excitement increases. All his thoughts, his vague ambitions, his intense curiosity face to face with the unknown are analyzed with extraordinary vividness. The Roman Campagna has a majesty well suited to the thoughts of San Giorgio. I remember even now the sensation which I experienced the first time I approached Rome—a sort of religious awe in presence of the solitary aqueducts, the great plains which surround the capital of the world, so full of memories; and then the sudden apparition of the dome of St. Peter's.

San Giorgio arrives and takes a room at a hotel. His first thoughts are for the palace of Monte Citorio. There he has to choose a seat, there he will have to show what is in him. He has not yet selected his political line definitively; the ten years of a lawyer's work, of obscure and petty struggles, have hardened him, prepared him for public life; but he has not had much time yet to think of the great issues of politics. The old Deputies look on him with curiosity—the Socialists especially, for San Giorgio is poor, a self-made man; but "the cold look, the wilful forehead under the close-cut hair, the energetic physiognomy of the young man, mark a formed character, little disposed to submit to any influence whatever."

It is needless to say that the influence which will be felt by San Giorgio is the influence of a woman, for otherwise we should have no novel. This hard, stern, severe young man is doomed to fall under the soft, gentle, winning influence of a woman. Rome's first impressions on the young Deputy, his walks among the ruins in the Forum, in the Coliseum, in St. Peter's, are well described; but San Giorgio is not a dreamer. The Chamber, the Deputies, his new colleagues, absorb him; he studies the faces of the Ministers. "Why should he not become Minister? Is it so difficult?" There is a description of a great session, a great parliamentary tournament in Monte Citorio, which is so alive that you seem to be a witness of it. This extraordinary power of description is one of the great merits of Madam Serrao; it is found also in the account of a grand soirée at court. Photographs, cinematographs, can hardly equal the descriptive powers of the Italian writer, but she adds to her descriptions the dramatic, the psychological element.

San Giorgio is eloquent, naturally eloquent, as frequently happens in the meridional races. He has made his mark in Parliament; the party chiefs court him, dread

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him. He is biding his time; does not at first know well on which side of the House he will sit. His fate is decided by accident more than by any great convictions. The Minister is an old, very old man with a very young wife. San Giorgio met her first at the railway station, on his arrival. He has seen her since continually; has taken long walks with her; has become intimate with her; she likes him, feels drawn to him, but she does not love. She is incapable of love, in the material sense; she is a creature of a superior sort, an idealist, ignorant of everything that goes under the name of passion. Nobody knows this better than her husband, the Minister, whom she regards more as a father than as a husband. The situations created by the contrast of the ardent San Giorgio and the pure Angelica Vargas give a singular psychological interest to 'The Conquest of Rome.' The devouring passion, which is never quite satisfied, finally destroys all the energy of San Giorgio; an absorbing topic incapacitates him for the political work which was and ought to be the object of his ambition. Before Angelica, all is forgotten—"so much so that the personality of San Giorgio effaced itself more and more." Angelica finally conveys to him, by the mouth of the Minister, her old husband, her desire that he would leave Rome. The Minister says to him: "Man, this great thing, this power, this force, is subjected to a supreme law which tells him, 'You must do this and nothing else if you do not wish to be useless and mediocre; you must have but one passion, one ideal. Love, science, politics, art—these forms of passion and of the ideal are exclusive sentiments.' 'What,' inquires San Giorgio, 'is Madam Vargas's desire?' 'That you will leave Rome.' 'I will go; I will resign.'" And he does resign. He returns to his Basilicata. He was to make the conquest of Rome, but Rome has vanquished him. His dream is finished.

SOME HINDU PROVERBS.

NEW HAVEN, January, 1900.

Threefold is the pleasure given by proverbs. First there is the intrinsic satisfaction derived from the adage in itself, as it is *ad agendum aptum*, or applicable to life. Thereto is added the delight of association, as we begin to wonder where we have enjoyed the flavor before, and finally locate it as appertaining to some well-concocted tart of different form but similar quality, made, perhaps, by the cooks of a far-distant nation. Lastly, if the proverb is the product of a long civilization, there is the gentle joy of tracing it back in its own confines, and seeing what proportion of its ingredients is new, stale, or well preserved. It is true that the intellectual pleasure is not of a very high order. The historical question is generally trivial; the association is sometimes very vague; nay, it must even be admitted that the pleasure in the flavor itself is often based on a somewhat reprehensible enjoyment of that spice of cynicism without which no proverb is perfect.

Nevertheless, though each strand (to change the figure) of this twisted pleasure is slight enough, the threefold cord is often constraining, and a new collection of proverbs may hold us pleasantly bound till we have satisfactorily solved some of its petty but knotty problems. This is especially true when the proverb-makers are quite isolated from Europe; and indeed in this case one of the pleasures, that of the comparative study of proverbial literature, is not without importance. For if we find proverbs springing up apart from all possible European influence, and yet identical with those of Europe, does not this do its part in helping us to understand how other traits, literary, philosophical, or religious, may arise separately in different communities, and so guard us against hasty generalizations in respect of a supposed unity of origin where such an assumption is not altogether necessary?

But to return to the proper subject of this study, and at the same time to the abandoned metaphor, all the mingled pleasures spoken of above may be had for the tasting of a new dish of Hindu proverbs recently served up to us in excellent shape by a past-master in the art, who has collected and translated under the head of 'Marathi Proverbs' nearly two thousand sayings of his chosen people, from whom he has gathered them in the course of his long missionary labors. Mr. Manwaring's collection is well arranged under different heads. Each proverb appears in the original and in translation, while numerous parallels are cited from Latin and modern European languages. Unfortunately, though naturally enough, the author is more at home in Latin and French than in the classics of India, and he gives scarcely any native parallels or originals of the proverbs of to-day, while Greek parallels appear to have escaped him altogether. But with these exceptions the book is a model of its kind. It is published by the Clarendon Press, a sufficient guarantee for its outward appearance.

Such a collection cannot be too highly commended, for it perpetuates sayings which are more or less fugitive in any circumstances, but in India peculiarly so, owing to present conditions. Proverbs change with the times; and when the times change as rapidly as they do now in India, many an old adage is liable to be abandoned as something that has outlived its usefulness. Thus, it would be a pity to lose all the scathing proverbs on the dishonesty of that wicked wight the goldsmith, for they go back at least two thousand years; but it is quite conceivable that new police and courts may even result in ousting this time-honored villain from his place in the bitter heart of his countrymen: "He may make or he may buy, still the goldsmith is content"; that is, he will cheat you just the same whether he sell to you or you sell to him.

India has always been the home of proverbs as well as of fables, and the two are often united, as in several of the specimens from this Marathi group. Some of these saws are of universal application; others could arise only in India, and lose their point elsewhere. "If you kill, kill an elephant; if you rob, rob the treasury"—that is, you might as well attempt a great deed and a great sin as run the same risk for smaller profit. The sleeping lion of the English proverb is here "Wake not the sleeping tiger," which was proverbial twenty centuries ago as it is to-day. Another proverb of antiquity (though the original is not noticed by the author) is "The elephant's footprint includes all"—the subordinate's fame is lost in that of the superior. How familiar, again, is this version of the *ridiculus mus*, "Excavate a mountain and take out a rat"; and how applicable to a certain dispute in high quarters, "The hunter is he who caught the hare." Many of the animal proverbs, though thoroughly indigenous, read like translations: "What is play to the cat is death to the rat"; "He made the stable-door after the bullock was stolen"; "A gift-cow—why has it no teeth?" (Don't look a gift-horse in the mouth.) Some might have arisen west of India: "Kicking is cheap in a gathering of donkeys"; or, "A lame cow is prime minister among blind cows." More characteristic are the agricultural proverbs. We say "as the tree is bent," but to the irrigating planter of India it is more natural to phrase the thought thus, "As the water-course goes, so the water will run." All the famine-distress of the country is epitomized in another of these rustic sayings: "Always crops and always poverty"; that is, however good the crop, the farmer's habit of borrowing will keep him always poor. He cannot lay up against a famine-year.

To illustrate some of the more remarkable coincidences of parallel proverbs, we may select the adage *zase perâve tase ugavate*. "As we sow so it comes up"; or, "Take the pestle from your own eye, then the straw from another's"; or, again, the group of sayings like *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, "A child's run extends to its mother," "A chameleon's run extends to the wall," and others of the same string. Cut off your nose to spite your face appears as "to cut off one's nose that it may be a bad omen." The Italian says, "In at one ear, out of the other"; the Hindu, "to hear with one ear, and let it out of the other." The Spaniard says, "The one-eyed man is king among the blind," which are the exact words of the Marathi proverb. So, too, "the blind as leader of the blind" is found here, as are "to look for a needle in the sea," "Walls have ears," "In need the friend is tested." Two to make a quarrel is more veiled in "You can't clap with one hand," though the thought is the same; as it is in our "too heavy artillery" and the Hindu's "use an axe when a finger-nail even is not necessary." "Beads about the neck and the devil in the heart," says the English proverb, the echo of that of the Hindu (who, by the way, knew the rosary before the Christian era), "A rosary on the neck, but black at heart." Pope said, "All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye." Yet he was anticipated in this sage remark by the Hindu, "To the one who has jaundice all appears yellow." But did Cæsar say "Teneo te, Africa," before the Hindu woman who has now passed into a proverb "fell down and said she was bowing to the sun"?

Other proverbs employ other illustrations, but have the same application: "Cooked rice can be tested by one grain" (A straw shows the wind); "Even figs are bitter to a full stomach" (A full stomach loathes the honeycomb); "to cut his throat and cure his cough" (remedy worse than disease). Some are almost like our phrase, but not self-luminous. Thus, Every light has its own shadow, appears as "Under the lamp it is dark" (two words in the original, *divyâkhâlî andhera*); that is to say, "Even an illustrious man has some vice." The Frenchman's delicate sneer, "In the adversity of our friends there is something not displeasing," is boisterously vulgarized in "Our goods are destroyed, our friends laugh," but each re-

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flects its home. Quite enigmatic appears the saying, "The buffalo is dead, it gave twelve quarts"; till we learn that this is twice the usual quantity of milk, and perceive that we have to do with a bucolic *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Another Latin proverb is found in more elaborate form, "A poet may have a teacher, but to be a poet is nature" ('s gift, *svabhâva*), while our "when at Rome" is generalized in, "When among other people, do like them." Even *vox populi vox dei* appears as "An assembly of people is God," *janî janârdana*. To turn to another French parallel, *honi soit*, we may compare, "Evil is in front of the evil man." For the witless "Shakspere never repeats" there is a parallel phrase which is at least a figure, "We boil our rice only once" (We cannot tell the story again).

Mutual-admiration societies are well known in India, and are hit off in the succinct adage, *aho rûpam aho dhvanih*, "What a beauty [you are, says the ass to the camel], what a [lovely] voice [you have, replies the complimented camel]." Not a few proverbs are ethical and philosophical: Desert your child, but not a refugee; As many characters as there are individuals (*tot sententiae*); What is seen is perishable; What is seen is true (Seeing is believing); Practice is better than *Vedânta* (better than precept); Under its clothing the world is naked; A word to the wise, but all night to the fool (*verbum sap.*); At the end of effort is God (God helps those who help themselves). Not a bad compliment to the English Râj is the saying, now become proverbial, "The English rule and salaries are paid promptly."

Quite a number of these sententious words rest on well-known stories of which they are the epitome. A traveller asked a wise man how deep was the river he had to cross. The scholar answered correctly, "The average depth is up to the knee." So the traveller began to ford the broad stream and in its deep middle was drowned, the sage's answer remaining as a proverb on the misleading nature of averages. The King's barber, when asked how the world went, always replied, "O King, it goes well." The King's minister always said, "It goes ill." The monarch demanded the reason for this varied interpretation of life, and the minister promised that within the day he would convince the barber of his error, and the king should receive only one answer. So he stole the barber's money, and the next morning, when the latter appeared and was questioned, he, too, said, "The world goes ill." Then the king, on learning how the barber's change of opinion had been effected, said, "Know the world by thyself," and it became a proverb to illustrate the truth that all human judgments are affected by the personal equation.

The melancholy condition of Hindu widows receives due attention from the proverb-makers, but these cruel jests are both too local and too sad to quote. Almost as pathetic are those on the poor little child-wife, but here a spice of wit sometimes brightens the darkness, as in this: "On becoming a mother-in-law, all the torments of being a daughter-in-law are forgotten" (The child-wife is little better than a slave to her mother-in-law).

Proverbs that go back to the classical literature of India are found in several cases, but the only one traced back by the author to its source (in the Hindu epic) is "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of sense." It may, therefore, be useful to indicate a few others which are registered as modern, but are rooted in antiquity. Thus, we find "The crow flies and the bough breaks" (*post hoc propter hoc*), which appears in the epic as a fable. Again, "The crane is a saint" (because it appears to meditate; in reality it is plotting destruction), a very ancient type of hypocrisy. Well-known, too, in ancient literature, is the proverb *hansakshîra nyâya*, "the judgment of the swan separating milk from water" (as it is supposed to do, a type of clever discernment). The saying, "Long are the arms of a wise man," is both an old epic proverb and a parallel to *longas regum manus*. What is given in the modern proverb as "Do not ask about a saint's ancestors nor a holy river's source," is an adaptation, for proverbial use, of the solemn statement of the ancients, "The source of saints and rivers is undiscoverable." Modern is "Clap in praise of him whose bread you eat," but it seems to be only a variation on the old Sanskrit proverb, "Praise the teacher" (in whose house the pupil lives). "Bear what is on your forehead," or, in other words, "What Fate has written on your forehead will never fail," is also at least as old as the classical period. It is interesting to see that both the great epics are often referred to in the proverbs of to-day, and their heroes and heroines furnish a considerable number of modern axioms. How many modern Greek proverbs, one would like to know, refer to the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey'?

Finally, in some of these sayings there is a seeming touch of Greek literature, which need not surprise any more than the coincidence of Latin and Hindu proverb illustrated above. What Greek scholar can read without interest such proverbs as "The corpse is a burden unto the ground," ἄχθος ἀροὐρης; or, "When there is an auspicious day, there is no priest; when the priest is there, the day is not auspicious"? In the original (for of course all these sayings suffer by translation) the phrase is as neat as in the case of the dog and the stone. The Greek heroine might have welcomed the proverb that declares, "The brother is one's flesh, the husband is but a relative"; and the oracle's μηδὲν ἄγαν is identical with *ati sarvatra varjayet* (not *varjayeta*, as Mr. Manwaring has it), "Always avoid the too [much]," a good proverb to end with, though to it is attached a literary question of interest. It appears that the present proverb is from a stanza which speaks of Sita, Râvan, and Bali as being respectively beautiful, proud, and liberal to excess. These all belong to the Rāmāyana cycle. Now, in the old stanza (not noticed by the author) one of the characters is from the 'Mahâbhârata' cycle, and the thought is changed also in the case of Râvan, thus:

Through too (much) giving was Bali bound;

Through too (much) pride, Suyodhana:

Through too (much) longing was Râvan doomed—

Always avoid the too (much).

There is, by the way, another proverb, which gives almost the converse of this advice in the words *thodakyânto goda*, "sweetness in little," small and sweet.

WASHBURN HOPKINS.

Correspondence.

HE KNOWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You were quite right when, in your notice of Mr. Beveridge's great speech on the Philippine question, you described him as "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"; although you were in error in not giving due credit to the extravagant praises of his "fool friends," who, it seems to me, were also largely responsible for his inebriety. But you missed the really great point of his speech, in not being aware that he spoke as an expert and past-master when he enlarged in such a beautiful and highfalutin and spread-eagle way on the necessity of sending men of the highest and noblest character and ability to administer the civil service in our new possessions. He knows the kind of men we need for such places, and is doubtless willing to "sacrifice all his wife's relations" for the great cause.

As evidence of this, I submit the fact that his father-in-law is now serving his country and its wards in the postal service in Porto Rico. It is true that he is a man of sixty-odd years, whose only previous service was as postmaster, a great many years ago, in a small Indiana town, and that he has apparently outlived his usefulness, as was shown by the unsuccessful efforts of his son-in-law to find a place for him in the federal service previous to his own election as Senator. But then, Porto Rico is only a small island, and "any old thing" will answer there. Just wait a little while until we fill up the really good offices in the Far East, and I venture to prophesy that then our young prodigy will be able to name you half-a-dozen men for every place; yes, and get them appointed, too.—Yours respectfully,

IMPERIALIST.

INDIANAPOLIS, January 23, 1900.

DEWEY'S PREPARATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your excellent editorial, "Ex Oriente Lux," reminds me that I have seen only one statement as to how Dewey came to be so thoroughly prepared for war as to be enabled to sail for Manila immediately upon the declaration of war, April 23, 1898. I copy a letter published at the time, but, so far as I know, never commented upon.

Yours truly, R. WAGNER.

12 COLLEGE PLACE, COLORADO SPRINGS, COL., January 22, 1900.

WHILE MCKINLEY AND SAGASTA NEGOTIATED.

A Mr. Williams of Cincinnati, who has a son serving upon the *Baltimore* as Lieutenant, after receiving a letter from the young man, dated at Honolulu, prints the following statement of what was done to equip Commodore Dewey's fleet for the task assigned it:

Before the bubbles ceased to rise from the sunken battleship [*Maine*], ammunition that could not be duplicated in all America was ordered on the trains that had the right of way over all that came before their swift rush to San Francisco. There these explosives, that must be handled as carefully as a mother holds a babe, were tenderly transported to the slow but steady old warship *Mohican*, and started for Honolulu. There, at Honolulu, they were again as hastily as

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possible unloaded and again restored on the beautiful but terrible *Baltimore*. Every solid foot of the *Baltimore's* magazines was filled. And 400 tons more of modern munitions were secured on her decks. She was also filled to the utmost with coal.

On March 22, just thirty-four days after the disaster to the *Maine*, the officers and crew of the *Baltimore* started on the long sail of 5,000 miles to Yokohama, and thence to Hong Kong, where Dewey was waiting for the food of war. In the meantime, the depleted arsenals were refilled by agents that made the powder-mills run day and night on both sides of the Atlantic, for every American had answered to the call for $50,000,000. On the same day thirty-five fighting vessels were added to the slender line of steel that marks our first line of defence.

While Dewey was filling his magazines from the stores of the *Baltimore*, McKinley and Lee were calmly controlling the wrath of their countrymen who were clamoring for the shooting to begin. As the last obtainable ton of coal sifted down on the hidden decks of his squadron, Dewey hoisted the signals for sail and steered straight for Manila.

McKINLEY BEER IN MANILA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have called attention to some of the large consignments of American beer to Manila, though I believe you have missed the most notable, that of two hundred and nineteen carloads from one Milwaukee brewer, of which he has boasted *ad nauseam* in full-page advertisements in several of our leading monthly magazines. Every man aware of the legal situation knows, of course, that the admission or exclusion of this liquor rests wholly in the power of the President, as head of the War Department (Mr. Root being merely a Secretary, removable at will), so long as military occupation shall continue. Why has not the President stopped this devastating inflow? The most obvious answer would be that the welfare of the country demands the retention in power of his party and himself, and that the exclusion of American beer from the Philippines would endanger that retention. It would never do to sacrifice the present Administration to the moral needs of the Filipinos. Besides, it will no doubt be true that the wives and children of drunken Filipinos will be peculiarly susceptible to the consolations of the missionary, when his turn at last comes, and thus we see that bottles as well as bullets may have their place among the weapons of a holy warfare. It is only on some such theory as this that one can understand the silence of our imperialistic religious editors as to the President's action in allowing this enormous introduction of beer into "our new possessions."

But I venture to suggest the possibility of a deeper motive behind the course of the Administration. Ancient expansionists openly and above board used the vices of inferior races as a means of keeping them in subjection. Now Manila, with its hundreds of new American saloons, is of course more disorderly in many respects than it would be otherwise, but what is the chance of any intelligently planned and carefully concealed insurgent plots there with so large a portion of the natives constantly filled with liquor? Of course everything becomes known at once, and why may we not suspect that this is the intention? I know that the faithful supporters of the President will rise in wrath at any such suggestion, and deny it explicitly and *in toto* on the simple ground of the President's character; but let them pause and consider the simple and undeniable facts that the President does allow the liquor to go there, and that the natives do drink it; that its immediate result cannot be other than the frequent exposure and failure of plans for resistance in the city and for aiding the insurgents in the field, and that the final result of all this must be the easier subjection of the islands as a whole. Now the President must have some motive in admitting liquor which he has the full and legally unquestionable authority to keep out, and, from the imperialistic standpoint, what motive can be more admissible than the one suggested? It is incumbent on some such moral authority as Dr. Abbott to say.

W. H. JOHNSON.

THE VERB *DOUBT*, 'FEAR, 'APPREHEND,' 'SUSPECT.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of the equivalence thus indicated, taken in its entirety, the illustrations furnished by even the amplest of the dictionaries must be, to many, misleading, their scantiness being such as to suggest, at variance with the truth, that, in recent times, it has been of somewhat infrequent exemplification. To correct this impression, a string of quotations for it, selected from a very large number which might be produced, is appended:

"I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I *doubt*." Thomas Gray (1761), *Works* (ed. 1858), vol. iii., p. 287.

"I shall come off, I *doubt*, But scurvily with my decrepid Eunuch." George Colman (1764), *Terence* (ed. 1810), p. 86.

"Feeling something pointed running into his breast, he *doubted* some foul play." Goldsmith (before 1774), *Scarron's Comic Romance* (1775), vol. i., p. 24.

"I *doubt* some little difficulty may arise." Jeremy Bentham (1778), *Works* (1838-43), vol. iv., p. 16.

"I *doubt* those from whom I heard it think any use of punishment too much." Rev. Thomas Twining (1779), *Recreations and Studies* (1882), p. 65.

"I *doubt* they will not be done before you come away." "I *doubt* he can do no good to poor Mr. Scrafe." Dr. Johnson, *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*, April 11 and July 10, 1780.

"If they [the Americans] will still persevere, they will find it, I *doubt*, an hopeless contest to the last." William Cowper, *Letter to the Rev. John Newton*, Nov. 27, 1781.

"My execution of their second orders will not be answerable, I *doubt*, to what is expected." Henry Thomas Colebrooke (1790), *Life* (1873), p. 86.

"The answer was in the affirmative; but it was given in such a manner that I *doubt* they wished to deceive me." Mrs. Eliza Parsons, *Woman as she should be* (1793), vol. iii., p. 185.

"The little darling urchin robs me, I *doubt*, of some portion of thy love." R. B. Sheridan, *Pizarro* (1797), Act ii., Scene i.

"I *doubt* I am almost too far off to be in a sufficient fury for the purpose." Lord Byron (1819), *Works* (ed. 1837-40), vol. iv., p. 176. "I *doubt* that it would not be honest." *Id.*, *ibid.*, vol. v., p. 25. "I am glad you like it, however, but *doubt* that you will be singular in your opinion." *Id.*, *ibid.*, vol. v., p. 189.

"I *doubt*, I *doubt*, sir, that this is the book which belongs to the scrutoire." De Quincey, *The Dice* (1823), *Works* (ed. 1862), vol. x., p. 295.

"I *doubt* that the salmo salar is only one species." T. L. Peacock, *Crochet Castle* (1831), ch. iv.

"The task you would set him is, I *doubt*, utterly impracticable with his other numerous avocations." Rev. H. F. Cary (1843), *Memoirs* (1847), vol. ii., p. 338. Also vol. ii., pp. 15, 24, 84.

"James Marshall went in pursuit of that game, I think, in company with Buckland (and, I *doubt*, Sedgwick)." Rev. Dr. W. Whewell (1846), *Account of Dr. Whewell's Writings* (1876), vol. ii., p. 335.

"I very much *doubt* that my Aunt . . . did not know what she was talking about." Sir G. W. Dasent, *Annals of an Eventful Life* (1870), vol. i., p. 96.

These quotations would, of course, appear in several distinct groups, if disposed lexicographically.

A reviewer in No. 1800 of the *Nation* speaks of the partiality of Edward FitzGerald, my neighbor in past years, to the employment of *doubt* as typified in the expression, "to the detriment, I *doubt*, of his family." In his younger days, such phraseology, though already then archaic, had considerable vogue, especially in discourse of an informal cast. By Sir George Dasent—since, as has been seen, he patronized it only a generation ago—it must have been regarded as an item of by-gone diction deserving of continued existence. But FitzGerald's fondness for it, while he, without question, estimated it similarly, was, not at all improbably, in some measure determined by his surroundings. In the common speech of these parts one constantly hears the like of, "There's a mouse in the cupboard, I *doubt*," "I *doubt* the dog will bite you," "I *doubt* he won't get back to-day." In the case of most locutions akin to these, the generality hereabouts often substitute, after the occasional fashion of those who should set better example, *expect*; and only in its injurious sense do they ever employ *suspect*.

Provincial peculiarities, in language no less than in pronunciation, are, in England, very far from unusual among the educated. Many instances which I have observed, above all, in Suffolk, might be enumerated; but I here confine myself to the mention of two or three, the first of which calls up, but only on a superficial view, the French *chez moi, chez nous*. Bernard Barton, FitzGerald's father-in-law, has, in one of his published letters, "I may be tempted to stroll over to *thine* to dinner," thus amusingly Quakerizing an every-day East-Anglianism, "I were to *his* this morning, and he were to *mine* this afternoon." This bucolically worded information, addressed to me while still unversed in outlying English, availed to enlarge my linguistic knowledge by more than one interesting fact. What was intended by *his* and *mine* was self-explanatory; but I should have decided amiss in taking *were to* for *was at*. Not till after some reflection did it dawn on me that the idiom, long widely familiar, which imposed on *was* the senses of *went* and *came*—and not only as above, but in, for instance, "I *was* to see him there, and he *was* to see me here"—still subsisted, locally, as a noteworthy survival.

F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, January 12, 1900.

ROMAN LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 76 of No. 1804, in your review of Muirhead's 'Roman Law,' you say: "Our own country cannot boast of a single well-known laborer in this important field of learning" (Roman Law). Permit me to call your attention to the analytical power of Morey's 'Outlines of Roman Law' (N. Y., 1884), and to voice the expectation with which students of this subject are looking forward to the publication of Prof. Munroe Smith's treatise on the Roman contracts—a work which will, we trust, remedy the deficiency that you justly censure in Muirhead.

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Your review further says (p. 76): "The one serious fault we have to find with him and his learned editor, relates *not to what they have put in the book*, but to what they have left out." Perhaps your words are too gentle here—at least, so far as you include the first edition, which is before me. Of its 448 pages of text, 77 are given to the law of the "Regal Period," while only some 90 are given on the average to each of the other four parts, and nothing whatever is said of post-Justinian law. Now while it is clear that the Roman *public* law—at least the *constitutional*—did develop during the first three centuries of the city, so elaborate an attempt as that of Muirhead's to trace the development of *private* law prior to the Twelve Tables, based, as it must be, on the inferences of men of much later times (*e. g.*, Varro, about three centuries later than the Twelve Tables), is hardly well calculated to impress the practitioner of to-day with a sense of the practical value, or even the reliability, of the book—or the science. If even the earliest Latin inscription known (C. I. L. xiv., 4123) should be dated in the fifth century B. C., and the early period of the literature begins three centuries B. C., surely the most obsequious follower of the fanciful German reconstructor should say on every page: "This is mere inference based on the fancies of the poet Ennius, the antiquarian Varro, of Livy, Dionysius, Plutarch, Pliny, Tacitus, Servius, Macrobius, Voigt, *et al.*" Even Bruns, though he excerpts references to the *leges regiae*, adds ('Fontes,' 5, 1, note): "omissa quaestione de vera earum natura."

To illustrate my contention (that in this matter your review is too generous): Muirhead (i., pp. 67 ff.) gives, with some qualms, two pages and a half to Servius Tullius's contract laws. Far better Krüger's treatment: "Diese Servianischen Gesetze sind nicht verschollen, sondern erdichtet"!

Yours truly, EDGAR S. SHUMWAY.

RUTGERS COLLEGE, January 30, 1900.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL EVIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reviewer whom I have to thank for a kind critique of my 'Homeric Hymns' (*Nation*, December 28, 1899) demurs to the evidence for a Pawnee rite, analogous to the myth which inspired the Eleusinia. He wants evidence "not taken from the reports of missionaries," who "are easy to gull." I relied on De Smet, and I think that a "gullèless" Pawnee cannot have known the myth of Demeter and so palmed it off on the recorder. Again, De Smet, I think, does not even notice the Eleusinian parallel; indeed, it does not appear to have been observed, any more than the Pawnee rite parallel to the Attic Bouphonia, by other students.

Again, evidence from "the journals of educated travellers" is objected to, and what sources are left? Only the reports of uneducated travellers. It seems that the educated, "not possessing the scientific spirit, are too ready to press analogies between the beliefs they encounter and the classic myths." Lafitau, about 1740, may fall under this condemnation, and so does Adair, with his Jewish theory. But surely Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, in Australia, do "possess the scientific spirit." Mr. Spencer is Professor of Biology in the University of Melbourne, and, while they give, *e. g.*, an Australian parallel to the Osiris myth, they never notice the analogy. A Professor of Biology may know little of Egyptology. Nor does Winslow note analogies, in 1621, with his Kishtan and Hobamoc; nor, in Fiji, does Mr. Basil Thompson note the classic analogy of the golden scroll from Petelea: very possibly he did not know of its existence. In short, I do not think we have here to deal with "missionaries looking for analogies," when neither missionaries nor travellers, educated or not so educated, seem to be aware of any analogy at all. Lafitau, as was said, and William Strachey, in Virginia (1602), *did* note analogies, and we recognize their bias accordingly.

In this spirit of criticism I "ride my hobby," which is common to all anthropological students of early religion. The savage and classical parallels impress me the more when the reporters show no sign of being aware of their existence. When missionaries and travellers are also comparative mythologists, *then* their evidence becomes *suspect*. But, hitherto, we have suffered little from this growing source of possible error.

I regret my archaistic "explosions," though I warned the reader of "Etin" in the preface. Only for "shieling" do I stand out, because, as the man said of a "Yorker," what else can you call it? Every reader of Mr. William Black knows what a "shieling" is, just as every reader of Malory knows what "flatlings" means.

> "From the dim shieling on the misty island
> Mountains divide us and a world of seas."

"Aumbry," an English word, I like better than "cupboard"—when speaking of the furniture in the divine cave of a goddess. I can hardly think such words unknown either to scholars or ordinary readers of our literature. But, methinks, I have taken too much knowledge for granted in both classes of men. It is a mistake which I would gladly correct if I had an opportunity.

Faithfully yours, A. LANG.

ST. ANDREWS, January 13, 1900.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' preliminary announcements embrace Prof. B. I. Wheeler's 'Alexander the Great'; 'Charlemagne,' by H. W. Carless Davis; 'Oliver Cromwell,' by Charles Firth; 'Theodore Beza, the Counsellor of the French Reformation,' by Prof. Henry Martyn Baird; 'Modern Spain,' by Martin A. S. Hume; 'Slavery and Four Years of War,' in this country, by Major-Gen. J. Warren Keifer; 'Reminiscences of J. Morris Steinert,' compiled by Jane Martin; a (third) volume supplementary to Sir George Nicholls's 'History of the English Poor Law,' bringing the work down to date from 1834; and 'North American Forests and Forestry: Their Relations to the National Life of the American People,' by Ernest Bruncken.

Harper & Bros. will issue next month the 'Life of William H. Seward,' by Frederic Bancroft, and 'The First American: His Homes and his Households,' by the late Miss Leila Herbert.

Fresh announcements from Macmillan Co. are 'Great Oxford Leaders: Keble, Newman, Pusey, Liddon, and Church,' by the Rev. A. B. Donaldson; 'A Short History of the Church in Great Britain,' by William Holden Hutton, D.D.; 'Clinical Studies in Vice and Insanity,' by George R. Wilson; and 'The Peace Conference at The Hague,' by Frederick W. Holls.

Still another translation of Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke" is announced by Henry Holt & Co. It has been made by Dr. Thomas S. Baker.

'Ten Years' War,' by Jacob A. Riis; 'Charles Sumner,' by Moorfield Storey; and 'Charles Francis Adams,' by his son, the bearer of the name, are about to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford (New York: H. Frowde), will soon publish 'British Jurisdiction Outside the United Kingdom,' by the late Sir Henry Jenkyns, and a large-type edition, in crown octavo, of Dr. Moore's text of the 'Divina Commedia,' with a few emendations and corrections, and a revised index of proper names by Mr. Paget Toynbee. By midsummer of next year, a volume of notes, in preparation by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, is expected to be published by the same press.

Mention may appropriately be made here of the Temple edition of the "Paradiso," of which we shall say no more now than that it presents the Italian text, based on Cassini's and looked after by H. Oelsner, face to face with an English prose version by the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed. Both editors are responsible for the notes at the end of each canto, and the latter for the Arguments prefixed. The handy form of this edition (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan) chimes in happily with the end in view, of being "helpful to the beginner" as well as of interest to the more advanced student.

Bibliographically, Mr. M. H. Spielmann's book on Thackeray's 'Unidentified Contributions to *Punch*' (Harpers) is an unexceptionable piece of work. The necessity of doing it the author justifies on the ground that "the matter has been trifled with in another quarter." He says, also, that his project had the approval of Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. His "authentic and exclusive information" is derived from "a long-forgotten editorial day-book" in which the items of Thackeray's contributions to *Punch*, with the payments for the same, are all entered. This, of course, puts all the higher critics at Mr. Spielmann's mercy. His corrections of mistaken attributions, together with his revelations of unknown contributions, make a good-sized volume, which the publishers have properly bound up uniform with their recently completed "Biographical Edition" of Thackeray. But it must be said that there is little here which lovers of Thackeray would not willingly have left unidentified. Mr. Spielmann's service is to bibliography, not to Thackeray's fame. One can imagine the fresh point which the novelist would find this book giving to his own words: "That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? O, the sad old pages, the dull old pages."

Dr. Garnett's 'Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography' (Francis P. Harper) have more than mere technical interest. The difficult problems with which the administration of a vast library has to grapple, such as classification, space, and cataloguing, and the ingenious devices by which special exigencies are met, will appeal to all librarians; while the papers on early printing and book-hunters and on eminent libra-

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rians and collectors will interest a wider public.

Richard de Bury, born in 1287, the descendant of an ancient Norman house, favorite of Edward III., Ambassador to the Pope and the King of France, Prince-Bishop of Durham, Lord Treasurer of England, Lord High Chancellor of England, reached the highest pinnacles of earthly greatness, short of royalty. Yet the ambition of his life was to go down to posterity as a lover of books. All his life he was an eager collector, and that in an age which cared but little for books, and in a society that looked upon so strange a passion with disapproval mixed with some scorn. So, "to close the perverse mouths of talkers," he wrote the treatise 'Philobiblon,' the first of its kind, in praise of books and in vindication of book-collectors. From Meyer Bros. & Co., New York, we have of it a reprint from the first English translation, made by John Bellingham Inglis in 1832, the author having waited more than 130 years for a printer and about 500 for a translator. Though the 'Philobiblon' is often referred to, it is not often read; and this handsome reprint, accompanied with an excellent introduction, should make it more widely known.

Mr. Henry Childs Merwin contributes to the "Beacon Biographies" a pleasantly written sketch of 'Aaron Burr' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), in which the immorality of that extraordinary life is lightly touched, and some of its grosser faults in part condoned. Burr's eventful course as a free lance in politics and a pagan in social relations is, on the whole, sufficiently well set forth, though with less attention to the political side of his career than is usually given. The portrait frontispiece is well executed.

If brevity is the soul of wit, we cannot praise 'Wit and Humor of Bench and Bar,' by Marshall Brown (Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co.). The author has, apparently without much knowledge of the art of effective narration, made his book largely from newspaper clippings which record local witticisms and anecdotes. Judicious compression and selection would have doubled the value of this collection by diminishing its bulk one-half. Many of the jests are of great antiquity, and few that are new have very striking merit. Even the old stories are occasionally marred by mistelling, and the omissions of really classical anecdotes are conspicuous. The arrangement of matter is alphabetical, according to the name of the person or the title of the subject, as it happens. But it is only fair to say that this book is not worse than most collections of the kind.

'The Social Philosophy of Rodbertus,' by Prof. E. C. K. Gonner (Macmillan), is a scholarly attempt to systematize the views of a thinker who left no methodical exposition of them. In a sense, Rodbertus laid the foundations of the theory of State socialism; but he was too much of a philosophic historian, not to say statesman, to become prominent as an agitator. It was said of him by Prof. A. Wagner that while most of the points of his theoretical teaching were incorrect, he yet possessed deep insight, and in fact deserved the title of a "Ricardo of scientific socialism." Whether the theories of Rodbertus are of sufficient consequence to deserve exposition, is a question to which different persons would give different answers; but those who would answer the question affirmatively should be grateful to Prof. Gonner for the light which his labors have thrown on the subject.

Dr. S. A. Knopf, an authority on the subject, in his 'Pulmonary Tuberculosis: Its Modern Prophylaxis and the Treatment in Special Institutions and at Home' (Philadelphia: Blakiston), is infused with the spirit of Pasteur's quoted utterance: "It is in the power of man to cause all parasitic diseases to disappear from the world." The transcendent importance of the matter considered and its painstaking presentation deserve more extended notice than can be given here, though there is in the book much of vital interest with which the lay reader is too often unfamiliar. The dangers of indiscriminate spitting, the necessity of sputum disinfection, the means of avoiding inoculation by inhalation or ingestion, the need of pre-natal prophylaxis, the influence of dress on breathing, the methods of obtaining correct breathing habits, the subordination (in recent opinion) of the efficacy of specific climates in phthisis to that of outdoor life in general, the social significance of the fact (hitherto little recognized) that cures obtained in native air are relatively more lasting than those procured away from home, are all clearly discussed with easy intelligibility. An urgent appeal is made for the wide establishment of proper institutions for phthisical patients exclusively, as being essential in the fight of the community against consumption, and, in the end, financially economical for the commonwealth. The well-illustrated list of sanatoria will prove useful to the physician, and is critically compiled.

Students of French history will welcome the 'Répertoire Méthodique de l'Histoire Moderne et Contemporaine de la France,' of which the first issue, for 1889, has just appeared. Under a topical classification which the editors, MM. G. Brière and P. Caron, appear to feel an unnecessary obligation to defend, the guide groups somewhat more than two thousand titles, most of them, of course, from periodicals. A few words of description accompany the more important entries. The periodical list is remarkably full, though susceptible of improvement on the side of English and American publications. Chronologically, this first number stops with the war of 1870-'71, but the next is intended to reach to 1900.

Otto Ribbeck's 'Reden und Vorträge' (Leipzig: Teubner), a collection of the greater number of that scholar's public addresses, will be of interest to those who have known him either in person or by reputation. The six lectures which he gave at Kiel in 1864-'72 derive their chief interest from the application which he made of classical material to the political events of that time. A second group comprises six addresses on subjects in Greek and Latin literature, such as Euripides and his Time, and the Idylls of Theocritus. A third section contains seven masterly "in memoriam" pieces. At the end of the volume is Ribbeck's review of Stromberg's translation of Catullus, entitled, 'Catull in Rom und Poppelsdorf,' which is a masterpiece of wit, satire, and sarcasm.

'Geschichten vom Rhein' (American Book Co.), is the title which Mr. Menco Stern has given to a collection of retold tales from the region of the Rhine. Though primarily designed as a reading-book for more or less advanced students of German, it possesses an interest for all lovers of Rhineland lore. A distinguishing feature is the geographical arrangement of the tales and legends. Starting at the sources of the Rhine, the reader is carried down stream past the thousand haunts of ancient romance, with occasional excursions overland, until he reaches Lohengrin's castle in Brabant, and is borne out to sea, where lies submerged the glittering city of Stavoren. A small map serves as a general guide, and an inadequate vocabulary is appended. The stories themselves, often of a most tenuous character, are all told in clear and colloquial German. That the narrator should sometimes fall into the condescending, familiar tone of the nursery, and so exasperate minds more mature, is a fault which it was perhaps impossible entirely to avoid in a work of this kind. In the preface we are informed that the author has in a manuscript form had these stories in use for fourteen years, with such success as to encourage him to extend the sphere of their usefulness. Few readers can fail to find in these pages something that is new and attractive.

The Third Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game, and Forests of the State of New York, for 1897, seems likely to attain the popularity of the former issues, and, in its limited edition, equally to fall short of the demand. It is a handsome quarto, illustrated with many colored plates of fishes and birds, with numerous sporting vignettes and plates, and abundance of photographs from nature. Fish-hatching is the leading topic, but much information is also given about forest fires, destruction of timber for wood pulp, the manufacture of maple sugar, forest reservoirs, etc. One hatchery has entered on the business of growing the ringnecked pheasant. The black bass, not being capable of artificial breeding, is most in need of protection. At Chautauqua Lake an effort has been made to extirpate the garpike, which preys upon the mascalonge, among other coinhabitants; but the Commission will not aid in propagating the mascalonge in inland waters, on account of its cannibal voracity. On the other hand, it propagates frost fish though they can be taken only with a net—which is illegal. The reason is that the trout feed on the frost fish. So man distributes praise and blame among his inferior fellow-creatures, and interferes with natural selection.

The important features of the Third Annual Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association are a calendar of letters of Calhoun heretofore printed, and an index guide to the American items in the reports of the English Historical Manuscripts Commission. The twenty pages of the former represent almost exclusively official correspondence; and it is interesting to note that hardly more than twenty of Calhoun's private and political letters have ever been published. The task of collecting and editing the correspondence is well in hand, although early publication is not promised. The guide to the contents of the English calendars will be a real boon to students, to whom the lack of a general index to the series has been a serious obstacle to the use of those important collections. Useful, also, is the further list of items relating to

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historical manuscripts in the different States, supplementary to a similar list published in the first annual report.

The third volume of the publications of the Maryland Geological Survey is entirely devoted to questions connected with highway improvement, and, although written with special reference to Maryland, contains much information upon this important subject which will be of value in other communities. The subjects discussed include the relations of Maryland topography, climate, and geology to highway construction, the present condition of the roads and the best means for their improvement, the relative values of the different natural road-building materials, and the construction and repair of roads in Maryland, in other States, and in foreign countries. The book is copiously illustrated with half-tones, cuts, and maps, and as a whole makes an attractive appearance.

The Maryland Weather Service has published the first volume of a new series of reports dealing with the climatic features of the State. The introduction, by W. B. Clark, is devoted to an account of the plan of operation, and a history of the work and publications of the service since its establishment in 1891. A general report on the physiography of Maryland, by Cleveland Abbe, jr., follows, and there are also chapters on the aims and methods of meteorological work, by Cleveland Abbe, on the progress of meteorology in Maryland and Delaware, by O. L. Fassig, and on the present knowledge of the meteorology and climatology of Maryland, by F. J. Walz. The director, William Bullock Clark, who is also superintendent of the Geological Survey, has had charge of the publication of this volume. It contains numerous illustrations and several maps, and presents the same elegant appearance which characterizes the publications of the Geological Survey.

The French Société de Géographie has just begun the issue of *La Géographie*, a monthly journal which it hopes to make worthy of itself and of the growing importance of the science in France. The managing editors are Baron Hulot, the society's General Secretary, and M. Charles Rabot, under a committee consisting of President Milne-Edwards, Gabriel Marcel, Prince Roland Bonaparte, etc. The publishers are Masson & Cie. (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The journal will contain the reports of the Society's proceedings, hitherto committed to a special *Comptes Rendus*.

The Munich periodical *Jugend* is fond of publishing special numbers. Not long ago we noticed its Goethe number. Now come two others—one, of December 9, a Heine number, on the occasion of the one-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth; the other, of December 23, a Schiller number, in honor of the "Lied von der Glocke," which was published 100 years before. Particularly noticeable in the first are the illustrations and two articles: "Heinrich Heine's Seele," by Otto Ernst, and "Heine's Lottchen: Errinerungen an Charlotte Embden-Heine," by J. Loewenberg. In the Schiller number is a series of interesting pictures illustrating the "Song of the Bell," which is also the title of an article by A. Matthäi. Other noteworthy features are Paul Heyse's poem, "An Schiller," and articles on the poet by Otto Ernst and Prof. Ziegler of Strassburg.

—Three more of the excellent series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan) are issued, two of them being 'Luca Signorelli,' by Maud Cruttwell, and 'Andrea del Sarto,' by H. Guinness. In his essay on "The Study of Poetry," originally prefixed to Ward's "English Poets," Matthew Arnold dwells upon the importance of retaining "a sense for the best, the really excellent," and of the danger that this "real estimate" shall be superseded by "the historical estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious," and goes on to say: "The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the present. And naturally the poets to be exhibited will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination towards them. Moreover, the very preoccupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, dispose us to affirm and amplify his importance. In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent temptation to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate." The warning is equally necessary as regards the present series of monographs upon great artists, and we are a little in danger of finding each of these masters the greatest of all masters, and of losing sight of proportion and of "the real estimate." Signorelli is of great historic importance, and made a real advance in the drawing of the nude figure; but it is far from true that his work is "an achievement which no later skill has surpassed, which is perhaps the last word in the treatment of the nude in action." The estimate of Del Sarto is more measured, but even so, the "faultless painter," the most modern of old masters, whom one earliest likes and soonest tires of, is given an undue importance. With this suggestion the books may be recommended. Although the list of illustrations gives the facts correctly, in the body of the book the portrait of Signorelli by himself is twice spoken of as forming the frontispiece of the volume. This may cause confusion to the unwary. The portrait of Signorelli is on p. 8, and the frontispiece is correctly labelled, "Portrait of an Unknown Man."

—The 'Raphael' of the same series, by Henry Strachey, is a more than usually good book. The "real estimate" is here so high that even great enthusiasm could not go far wrong; but Mr. Strachey is far from a blind enthusiast. His criticism is sound and sensible, and his analysis of the talent of Raphael is excellent. Common sense is predominant also in the treatment of the biographical part of the volume, and it is rather refreshing to have some of the conjectures of the Morellists disposed of with the quiet statement that there is really no evidence in the matter. Conjecture so rapidly becomes fact in the hands of some writers, and is so readily accepted as such by succeeding writers, that it is surprising to find any one asking for proof or refusing to accept, for instance, the imputed mastership of Timoteo Viti, which has been considered as established—Mr. Strachey says, "chiefly, as it seems, on the ground that no evidence exists to prove that he did not occupy that position." Mr. Strachey acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Berenson, but the doctrines of that critic, so far as adopted, are stated in simpler and less technical language, and are, be it further said, intrinsically modified by the "sweet reasonableness" of their present expounder. We think Mr. Strachey leans too heavily upon a passage of Vasari in making it support Berenson's theory that the "Sposalizio" of Caen is by Lo Spagna rather than by Perugino. Vasari simply states that Raphael's "Sposalizio" is finer work than his master could do, and this is certainly true, whether or no the picture is a modified copy of Perugino. Berenson's theory must rest, for the present, entirely upon such internal evidence as the picture may afford. The exception proves the rule in this case, for this is the solitary lapse from sound sense and mental balance that we have detected in the volume.

—The Tower of London offers a capital subject to the author of a book for boys, and Mrs. Violet Brooke-Hunt has thus used it in her 'Prisoners of the Tower' (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Whether or not she writes for the benefit of a particular lad matters little, but in the prologue she describes a typical incident, "Geoffrey's first visit to the Tower." Finally, the boy is led by the conversation which springs from a round of the apartments and cells to exclaim: "Why, it is every one out of the history book, and I can't remember everything about them all. Couldn't you write it down from the very beginning, so that I could read it over and over again?" The result of Mrs. Brooke-Hunt's compliance with this request is that she tells in direct and simple style the story of the celebrated prisoners, from Flambard to Thistlewood, the Cato Street conspirator. In another department of history the design is similar to that of Freeman's 'Old English History,' though Mrs. Brooke-Hunt's manner is fortunately less patronizing than that of the late Oxford professor. She does not, in the words of Gray, apostrophize the great fortress as "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, With many a foul and midnight murder fed!" Her moral is of another kind. "Within the cells of that Tower many a victory has been won, many a lesson has been learnt, many a soul has been purified, of which the record has never been kept, and yet which surely never can have been in vain." The volume is beautifully printed, well illustrated, and written in a healthy tone—not one which will tend to give a child "the horrors." It is picturesque without being inaccurate, and will rejoice the hearts of those for whom Mr. Henty cannot produce stories rapidly enough.

—In the dramatizing of "Vanity Fair" Mr. Mitchell has introduced two anachronisms. In the ball of the night before Waterloo, when the alarm comes that the French are at hand, an officer cries, "This is serious; they will fight to a finish," and the phrase is used a little later by another. It is difficult to determine the exact chronology of slang, but we will venture to say that "fight to a finish" cannot be found in any sporting literature more than fifteen years old. We apprehend that it came in with "to knock out" and "to put up a fight." The English at Brussels would, perhaps, have said, "They'll fight it out this time." The other anachronism is worse. When

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Lady Bareacres, jealous of Becky's social triumphs, tries to take her down by recalling her governess days, adding, "I cannot imagine Mrs. Rawdon Crawley teaching anything, at least anything useful," Becky replies, "Oh, it's quite simple, dear Lady Bareacres. Imagine me giving a lesson in French to your daughter. I ask her, 'Have you the brains of your mother?' She answers, 'No, my mother's brains are in a nutshell,' "—an evident allusion to the Ollendorffian manuals. Now Ollendorff first published his idiotic but not ineffective method of teaching languages in the forties. He loudly proclaimed it a new thing, and with justice, for any one can see by looking through the earlier school-books that they had no such infantile questions and answers. Becky would have been about as likely to draw her retort from telephones or automobiles as from Ollendorff's Methods. Thackeray was more careful about his local color and his dates.

—In his latest drama, "Naar vi döde vaagner" (When We Dead Awake), Ibsen shows the same qualities of style and dramatic construction that have won him his present high place in European literature. Not a word fails of the desired effect, not a situation falls short of the author's intention. The atmosphere of the play, or rather of the heroine, suggests strongly the weirdest of Ibsen's dramas, "The Lady from the Sea." The story is briefly as follows: Prof. Rubek is a Norwegian sculptor who has won fame and wealth by a statue called the Day of Resurrection. Four years before the opening of the play, he had married a girl named Maja, who is incapable of sympathizing with his artistic ideals. They are introduced at a Norwegian watering-place, and the opening words indicate clearly their relations to each other. Soon after, the wild huntsman Ulfhejm appears, and, by his contrast to her husband, makes an immediate impression on Maja, whom he asks to join him in a bear hunt in the mountains. As they leave the garden together, Rubek joins a lady who proves to be Irene, the model for his great statue. On finding her love for Rubek returned with formal thanks for her services as model, and her share in the work regarded as a mere episode, she had disappeared mysteriously, all efforts on the sculptor's part to find her proving fruitless. She is now, as she says, dead, wandering about the world with only a mute sister of charity as companion, and with all her thoughts centred in her child, the statue. Rubek's love for Irene asserts itself, and they are united at last, but in the mist and death-bringing avalanche of the Norse fjeld, to which they have hastened in an ecstasy of passion. Maja's adventure with Ulfhejm and her escape from the storm that overwhelms the others, seem to be introduced mainly by way of contrast to the main story. As for the moral, Edvard Brandes, in his review, published a short time ago in Copenhagen, holds that the work is a hymn in praise of free love, an anathema pronounced by the Norwegian prophet on such hindrances as marriage and public opinion, though it would seem quite as natural to find the moral in the disillusioning of Maja, who is disgusted with the coarseness and sensuality of her huntsman lover. It is characteristic of the literary relations of Norway and Denmark that the new National Theatre in Christiania has acquired the right to produce this play, but not until after its production at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S ENGLISH HISTORY.

The United Kingdom: A Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., Author of 'The United States,' etc., etc. 2 volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

The first thought that occurs to us in reading this book of one of the most famous of living authors is that of the delightful inexhaustibility of history. Hundreds of histories of England have been written, many of them by able investigators, many others by brilliant literary artists. They have been written by men of every type of political and religious opinion. Rapin, Hume, Goldsmith, Hallam, Lingard, Macaulay, Freeman, Froude, Stubbs, J. R. Green, S. R. Gardiner, F. York Powell, are only a few among the men—some eminent as masters of style, some as investigators, some few as both—who have produced books which everybody knows upon some larger or smaller part of this great theme. Yet here another author handles it in a way so fresh and so vigorous that it reads like a new tale, and makes on us an impression different from what any of his predecessors have made.

This is not the result of the collection of fresh materials; for Mr. Goldwin Smith does not claim to have unearthed MSS. or to have laid under contribution matter inaccessible to earlier students. The novelty lies in the point of view and in the method of treatment. The essential feature of the treatment consists in seizing the salient and characteristic points of an epoch, or a question, or a character, and in bringing them into a strong light, while passing quickly over details or minor incidents. A deeper impression is thus left on the reader's mind; and matters whose significance he had not realized in the histories he had perused before, stand out clear and sharp before him. Such a method needs a style to match it, and Mr. Goldwin Smith's style retains the qualities which have, for fifty years past, put him in the front rank of masters of English. It is strong, trenchant, cogent. The diction is choice and elevated. It is full of color, yet of a color which is rather deep than bright in tone. Each sentence—and they are mostly short—is so concisely pregnant as to seem to sum up and exhaust the particular matter it handles, leaving little further to be said; while that which most writers would need a chapter to convey, is frequently condensed into a single paragraph.

The preface contains a touching reference to the author's age. There is, however, no sign of old age in the book. It is as keen in vision, as forcible in expression, as decided in judgment, as anything which he wrote in the days when he was the most powerful champion in England of the Northern cause during the war of secession. Yet there is one characteristic of the book which makes us feel that it comes from a man of the older generation. This is that very decision in its judgments to which we have just referred. The modern habits of seeing good in every party and every doctrine, of finding compensations for every misfortune and redeeming traits in every villain, the disposition to look on all events as the result of general and therefore irresistible causes—habits so marked in most of our younger historians—are here quite absent. Mr. Smith does not, like the proverbial young Oxford don, bid us remember that Phalaris must be judged by the standard of his own age, not of ours. To him black is black and white is white. He refuses to accept the view that the Norman Conquest was a blessing in disguise. He displays none of that tenderness for the Roman Church which has become so fashionable among English and American men of culture, but treats her with the sternness of a Puritan, though a Puritan of that modern and enlightened type, perhaps too rare, which is repelled by her policy as much as by her doctrine. The Anglican ecclesiastical establishment is handled with scarcely less severity; that establishment having, in his view, retained, along with a tendency to relapse into Roman doctrine, a pernicious leaven of the Roman disposition to intolerance and the Roman attachment to arbitrary power. Nevertheless, he is ready to reverence virtue and purity even in a prelate, and one of the finest passages in these volumes is that which describes the saintly simplicity of Anselm, and his strenuous, albeit passive, resistance to the tyranny of William the Red.

In its form, though not in its substance, the book reminds us of Lectures, such as those of Niebuhr on Ancient History or those of Sir James Stephen on the History of France, rather than of a narrative like that of Hallam or Green or Freeman. The book is, indeed, not so much a chronicle of events as a running commentary upon them. The chief events are doubtless told, but told rather as things already known to the reader, which have to be mentioned not for the sake of fixing them in his memory, but of explaining their significance and drawing moral or political lessons from them. Its markedly ethical character is another sign that the work represents a taste and temper not of the younger generation of historians. They are nothing if not objective. This book bears in every line the stamp of a marked personality, with clear and strong convictions, and with a gaze so fixed upon the present that allusions to the incidents and controversies of the years that are now passing meet us in his comments upon struggles fought out and settled long ago.

The period before the Norman Conquest is passed over very briefly and lightly, and the twelve centuries from the coming of the Saxons down to the beginning of the great constitutional struggle with Charles I. are summarily dealt with in four hundred and seventy pages, while more than six hundred are given to those more definitely political ages which link the days of the great Civil War to those of the Reform Bill of 1832. With the Reform Bill, or rather with a survey of its results down to the fall of Lord Melbourne's Ministry in 1841, the history closes an era well chosen, because it marks the beginning of the passage from an oligarchy with some popular elements into a pure democracy, tempered only by a remnant of traditions formed in aristocratic days, and qualified, not to its benefit, by the all-pervasive influences of wealth. It is also the date when the historian's own contemporaries began to appear upon the scene; and though it is not impossible for a powerful mind, however decided in its views, to deal even justice between allies and opponents, it is impossible for the crowd to believe

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that a historian has so shaken himself from the prepossessions to which it is itself enslaved.

The omission of social, economic, military, and ecclesiastical matters, except in so far as they bear upon political history, and the summary treatment of the legal side of constitutional questions, together with the briefness of the references to Scotch and Irish affairs, leave space for a full handling of the great epochs of change, such as the Reformation and the struggle of Parliament against the Crown, which, beginning under James the First, lasts till 1688. Nothing can be more brilliant or effective than the manner in which these periods are presented. The point of view is that not so much of a Whig as of a theoretic Republican, who is also an advanced Protestant, so that to the friends of monarchy and of ecclesiastical pretensions it may, perhaps, appear that their side of the case is not adequately stated. Yet it is a sign of the author's insight and superiority to prejudice that those supposed champions, or at least unconscious pioneers, of Protestantism, Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth, find no favor, while King Charles the First receives much more indulgence than was allowed to him by Carlyle, or even, perhaps, than is allowed him by the singularly cool and impartial S. R. Gardiner. As there has been of late a tendency in England (partly, perhaps, owing to the renewed passion for naval achievement and territorial expansion) to glorify Elizabeth, it may be worth while to quote our author's short description of her character:

"Her youth, her good looks, her high spirit, and princely carriage, with her mental accomplishments, which were remarkable, awakened an enthusiasm of which she had the tact to make the most. . . . False and perfidious she was, heartless and selfish, capable at times of hateful cruelty, possessed with a vanity such as could hardly dwell in the same breast with greatness, to say nothing of her indelicacy and of at least one darker stain, for if she was not criminally cognizant of the murder of Amy Robsart, she certainly prompted to the assassination of Mary Queen of Scots. Yet Elizabeth, in spite of all revelations and dissections, still keeps the title of the Great Queen. Writers again bestow it upon her after recounting the proofs of her littleness. They say, with scant justice to her sex, that, after all, she had only the faults of a woman. She had the sense to keep good counsellors, though she preferred to them unworthy favorites, and sometimes treated them with base ingratitude. She had remarkable arts of popularity when she chose to exert them. She had a queenly bearing, tempered with condescension. She had personal courage, which was needed in an era of assassination. . . . Something, also, her reputation gained from the contrast of her reign with the political troubles which followed, albeit of those troubles her self-will was in part the cause. The illusion was strong. It was strong enough in her lifetime to make men fancy themselves, or at least say that they fancied themselves, in love with a virago who spat, swore, and cuffed; and this when she was past middle age and the last traces of her youthful comeliness had fled. But those who still call her great, if they do more than pay tribute to custom, have before their mind's eye not the figure of the Queen in the grotesque trappings of her vanity, but the figures of Burghley and Walsingham, of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, of Shakspere and Spenser, of Drake and Frobisher, of the heroic mariners of England returning from the attack on Cadiz or the victory over the Armada."

Still more striking, and, as is his due, more full and careful, is the account of Oliver Cromwell—an account more penetrating than is Macaulay's, more discriminating, if not more picturesque, than is Carlyle's. Indeed, the biographical sketches are among the finest things in the book. Some among them are worthy of Tacitus, of whom, in epigrammatic conciseness and piercing sarcasm, we are often reminded. A Tacitean grimness is relieved by a humor less frequent in the Roman, for Mr. Goldwin Smith has a keen eye for those minor traits of character which make men real to us, and for any touch of picturesqueness in an incident which brings a distant age nearer. He has also the Tacitean gift of conveying a judgment in a statement of fact. Narrating the last moments of Charles the Second, he tells us: "He declared himself a Roman Catholic, was admitted by a priest furtively brought to his bedside into the Church, and, after a confession which, if at all complete, must have been highly condensed, received absolution and the sacrament." And in mentioning the movement for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, he observes that "Pitt consulted the bishops, who deemed the profanation of the sacrament for political purposes still vital to the maintenance of religion."

We have noted some points, such as his notice of the so-called massacre of 1641 in Ireland, in which his views seem hardly in accord with the results of recent investigation. But these are few. He shows throughout that sort of instinct for being right which is a mark of the highly trained historical mind, together with a power of appreciating the main principles which run through and give unity to the long and splendid drama of English history. To see these and to be able to set them forth with breadth, conciseness, and unfailing energy, are gifts so rare that they insure for one who possesses them a permanent place among the great historians of all time.

AN UNSAFE GUIDE.

Religion under the Barons of Baltimore. By C. Ernest Smith, D.D. Baltimore: E. A. Lycett. 1899.

One would have thought that by this time the question of toleration in Maryland had been so thoroughly threshed out that nothing remained to be said. However, it is open to any one to form opinions and conjecture motives, and if he thinks his opinions and conjectures of interest, he may give them to the world. All we ask is that, in making an historical argument, he shall carefully distinguish between opinion and fact; that he shall, as far as possible, verify positive statements, and that he shall not accept an authority as trustworthy, nor discredit him as unveracious, according as that authority agrees or disagrees with his own views.

Though written under a strong bias, there seems no intentional want of candor in this book. The author has made liberal use of the original and authentic sources wherever they served his purpose. But, unfortunately, he has accepted as history too many statements of prejudiced, or even mendacious, writers when those statements tend to confirm his own opinions. Still more unfortunately, he too often insinuates an unproved opinion as an historic fact, and draws positive inferences from an unsubstantial conjecture. He says, with entire truth, in the preface, "The facts herein recorded are true"; but he has given the ordinary reader no means of distinguishing the facts from the fictions and the fancies. The present writer has no intention of taking a side in an idle controversy; but as the book has a rather imposing air of authority, and may be accepted by some as history, it may not be amiss to give specimens of its inaccuracies in points of fact, and of its vicious mode of reasoning.

History tells us that in 1625 George Calvert announced to the King his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, at the same time resigning his office of Secretary of State. As this effectually closed his political career, it is a reasonable inference that his conversion was sincere. It is also a probable opinion that this change of faith was not sudden, but a gradual process. Dr. Smith, however, conjectures that he had long been a Romanist in secret, while "outwardly a member of the Church of England ever since he obtained court preferment," and proceeds to draw positive conclusions from this conjecture. His argument, condensed, is this: Calvert may have been long a secret Romanist. Therefore he hypocritically professed himself a Protestant in order to hold office. "Prompted, then, by ambition, he had conformed to the national church, and had not been found afraid to use even religion itself as the ladder by which he might rise to wealth and fame." But a man who is a hypocrite in one thing will probably be a hypocrite in two; and he therefore tells us positively that Calvert was not even a sincere Catholic; he was only a Catholic "so far as he was anything at all." Men have wrecked their fortunes for their faith, but here is one who wrecks his for a faith which he does not believe in. And all this rests on an unsupported surmise.

In comparing the charters of Maryland and Avalon, Dr. Smith very properly calls attention to the fact that one was held by knight's service and the other in free socage (which he thinks was not a feudal tenure). And then he tells us that this last tenure compelled Baltimore to reside in England. The statement is so surprising that it is best to cite the author's own words: "The patentee under the Maryland holding . . . year by year had to appear personally at Windsor, bringing his Indian arrows with him and prepared to give an account of his stewardship." And he draws the inference that this obligation "to regularly appear in person at a certain time and place and there pay his rent," was the reason why Cecilius never came to Maryland, and that it was inserted on purpose to keep him in England. The weak point of this ingenious theory is that it is contradicted by the facts. The delivery of the arrows was not a *service*, all services being discharged by fealty. The words of the charter are: "In free and common socage, by fealty only for all services . . . yielding therefor unto us, our heirs and successors, two Indian arrows of those parts to be delivered at the said castle of Windsor." There is nothing about personal delivery nor "giving account of a stewardship"; and, as matter of fact, from the first the payment was made by deputy, as the receipts show.

Another important difference between the charters our author finds in the clause wherein the people of Maryland and their successors are expressly declared to be "denizens and lieges of us, our heirs and successors of our kingdom of England and Ire-

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land." On this he comments as follows: "The change from the feudal lordship to the free and common socage involved it [this clause]. As by feudalism all the people in Avalon were also under the over-lord—the English King—under the Maryland charter they were not, save as specially declared to be so. Hence the clause." That the author should be hazy in his ideas of feudal tenures is a small matter; but what is surprising is the fact that the difference on which he founds these singular notions does not exist. The whole tenth clause of the Avalon charter is almost word for word identical with the corresponding clause of the Maryland charter, and in particular provides that all settlers there (in Avalon) and their descendants "shall be denizens and lieges of us, our heirs, and successors." It would seem indeed that the author has the unsafe habit of citing authorities without consulting them, for he tells us that the charter of Avalon made Calvert more absolute than the King, empowering him to rule "without a parliament or even a council of state," when the charter expressly provides for both.

The notion that Thomas Cornwaleys was a Protestant, Dr. Smith has taken from Neill. The letter of Cornwaleys to Baltimore (Calvert Papers; i., 169) settles that question. The story is too long to discuss here, but Cornwaleys is protesting against what he thinks harsh treatment of the Jesuits in holding them liable for public taxes and services, amenable to the civil law, etc. In this letter Cornwaleys calls himself "a real Catholick," and deprecates ingratitude to that church, "which is the only true guide to all eternal happiness." He then goes on to say that persons better qualified than himself will place the matter more clearly before his lordship; and, in fact, Copley (who seems to have been a lay member of the order, and not a married priest, as Dr. Smith thinks) writes more explicitly by the same ship, detailing the grievances that Cornwaleys hints at. Any one who can believe that Cornwaleys, writing a most earnest, friendly, and respectful appeal to his chief, would gratuitously insult him at the same time by implying that he was no real Catholic, and telling him that his church was no true guide to eternal happiness, must have some power of drawing conclusions that is denied to the present writer.

An instructive example of our author's mode of reasoning may be seen on page 133. In March, 1639 (N. S.), an "act for Church Liberties" was passed, which, he thinks, contained provisions dangerous to the Protestants, and that it was these perils which called forth Cornwaleys's remonstrance. But here he is confronted by the fact that Cornwaleys's letter was written in April, 1638, nearly a year before. This difficulty he gets over by *assuming* that, at the previous session, some act of a similar character had been passed, and goes on to reason from that assumption. And yet he had before him the journal of that session, with a list of all bills proposed or passed, in which nothing of the kind is mentioned.

On page 302 he tells us that at Ingle's invasion Baltimore lost all hope, and wrote to his brother bidding him "gather together the wreck of his private property, and then abandon his ill-starred enterprise." After the previous instances of this author's imaginative powers, our readers will not be surprised to learn that Baltimore did nothing of the sort. What he did was to send out a power of attorney to his brother and to Secretary Lewger to collect his rents and other debts due him; but it contains no word about abandoning the province.

Dr. Smith is fond of making assertions on the authority of the Rev. E. D. Neill, in whose veracity he appears to place entire confidence. Thus he tells us, on that reverend gentleman's authority, that in the Assembly of 1650 it was proposed to make the Toleration Act "a permanent feature of the Maryland Constitution" (whatever that may mean), and four Roman Catholic members voted against it "because it was too tolerant." Those who have undertaken to verify Neill's statements will feel no surprise when told that nothing of the sort is to be found in the records. One member, it is true, scrupled at taking the regular oath as a Burgess (in which there is no mention of any toleration act), and was therefore not allowed to take his seat.

Again, on p. 181, our author has a note: "On April 4, 1638, the Commissioners of Plantations reported the right and title to the Isle of Kent to be absolutely with him [Claiborne]," and refers to Neill's 'Founders of Maryland,' p. 55. Neill's words are: "While the Maryland Assembly was confiscating his estate, Clayborne was not idle in London, and on the 4th of April, 1638, the Commissioners of Plantations reported the right and title to the Isle of Kent to be absolutely with him." It is true that Neill quotes this from another writer, but he quotes it as fact, while he had the State Papers before him in which we have the full record of this session of April 4. After premising that Claiborne and Baltimore had appeared before them, and that Claiborne's commission, when produced, was found to be "only a license under the signet of Scotland to trade with the Indians," the Commissioners add: "Which commission their lordships declared did not extend nor give any warrant to the said Clayborne nor any other, nor had they any right or title thereby to the said Isle of Kent." And finally they resolve and declare "the right and title to the Isle of Kent and other places to be absolutely belonging to the Lord Baltimore."

With the main thesis of this book—that neither the Proprietary nor the Catholics are entitled to any credit for religious toleration in Maryland, and that the famous Act of 1649 was really "a most disgraceful piece of intolerance"—we are not concerned. Our object is simply to protest against history being written in the manner of which we have given a few examples. At the same time we would commend to the author's consideration the wise admonition of a great divine of his own church, "not to be too peremptory herein, and build standing structures of bold assertions on so uncertain a foundation; but rather, with the Rechabites, live in tents of conjectures, which, on better reason, he may easily alter and remove."

Mediæval Music: An Historical Sketch. By Robert Charles Hope. Second edition, revised. London: Elliot Stock; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. viii, 170.

This is partly a professed compilation; partly, no doubt, the result of independent study; but we have failed to discover whether even those chapters where the author seems most at home represent any considerable amount of original research. He has a habit of verbally quoting some recent authority, like Hawkins's 'History of Music,' Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' etc., for what, if anything, should be his own contribution to our knowledge. Furthermore, where he has used original sources, he often either merely asserts that Alcuin, or Bede, or St. Augustine says this or that, or else he gives the passage in somebody's translation—possibly his own, if one could but know—without any reference which would enable us to verify the citation and collate the version with the original. This is not quite fair. Modern critics have justly vindicated our right to every aid which an author can give us in the examination of facts alleged in argument. Purposely to deprive the reader of this right would be unpardonable; to do so even by mere negligence is still a serious fault in a book which professes to teach the adult reader. And this is nothing if not such a book; for, from the literary point of view, it is mere chaos—a jumble of memoranda, some of them incredibly crude in form. In many cases the beginning of a chapter gives the impression of being written like any other book, but, after a page or two, the author suddenly drops into mere jottings like this (p. 9): "The Bruce harp with twenty-one strings being finely shaped and excellently painted," which is a sentence absolutely without syntax. If such examples did not necessarily take up more room than we can spare, we could easily multiply them.

So far as the author is a compiler, he professes to follow the best authorities; but when we find him adopting the heresy that the Greek modes differed only in pitch, and preferring the authority of Mr. D. B. Monro to that of Gevaert, Jahn, Westphal, and, we had almost added, Common Sense, we cannot greatly trust his judgment as to what authorities are best. Our distrust is enhanced when we see that on such a vexed subject he gives no hint that any question exists. Who can tell how many other important questions are ignored in the same misleading way? We would not speak over severely of a habit too common with a certain class of English antiquarians, but the day of the *ipse dixit* is happily past. It is time that not writers only, but all readers, should understand this elementary truth.

There is much more that the reader will complain of. Although this is a second edition, "thoroughly revised," he will find that Mr. Hope has not corrected the most obvious mistakes, even in matters of mere grammar. We meet with such sentences as this (p. 83): "The Tables of Alypius, a native of Alexander [*sic*], . . . *is* printed in 'Meibomius Antiquæ Musicæ,' 1652." On p. 13, "The historical period of Greek Music commences with the establishment of the Olympian . . . games, *and was of the simplest kind*," etc. But far more serious are the mistakes we discover in essentials. On p. 46 the Ven. Bede is said to be a contemporary of Isidore of Seville; and this in the face of the dates given by the author himself, from which it appears that Isidore died in 636 and Bede was born in 672. On p. 41 we find "St. Augustine c. 597" (meaning the date of his birth, we suppose), and the footnote shows that Mr. Hope refers to

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the author of the 'Confessions.' He simply confounds him with Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury. He is careless even in musical matters, where we might expect extreme carefulness. Thus, p. 101, we read that in triaphony the "organum," or added melody, "was doubled in the octave above, being both a fifth below and a fifth above the canto *firmo* [*sic*]." Every tyro in music knows that this would separate the added melodies, not by an octave, but by a ninth, which is a discord. On p. 112 we find the startling proposition that "when the lesser contains the greater, the above terms," *i. e.*, the names for the quantitative ratio of two notes, prefix "the word Sub-." What the author means to say is that, when proportions like $\frac{3}{2}$, for example, are regarded inversely, the smaller number being taken as the numerator, the names are thus modified; but who would guess it from his language?

Owing to such carelessness on the author's part, we cannot feel sure, as to many other errors, whether they should be laid to him or to the proof-reader. We have seldom seen a book so full of misprints as this second edition "thoroughly revised." In a single piece of Greek, p. 23, we find seventeen mistakes in twenty-seven words. On p. i., "Harmonic and Monodic" is printed "Homonic and Monadic"; on p. vi., "Mongal" stands for Mongol"; p. 9, "Diodorus, Siculus and Athanæus" for "Diodorus Siculus and Athenæus"; p. 13, "Pythagorus" for "Pythagoras"; p. 38, "Cæsara" for "Cæsarea"; p. 39, "St. Marcelona" for "St. Marcellina" (sister of St. Ambrose); p. 39, note, "Vales in Socrates" for "Vales. (*i. e.*, Valesius) in Socratem"; p. 83, "the 11th c." for "the 2d century." Elsewhere we have the bilingual combination, "San Isidore" for "St. Isidore," "San Isidro," or "Sant' Isidoro." On p. 54, "Council of Quierci" means, probably, the Council of Quierzy, by confusion, perhaps, with the town of Quercy, innocent, we believe, of any council. On p. 56, "Honorious" is for "Honorius"; p. 90, "Apezzio" for Arezzo; p. 100, "de Devina Natura" for "de Divina Natura"; p. 104, "Punctus, Contra-punctum," which is nonsense, for "Punctus contra punctum," or, in better Latin, "punctum contra punctum." We omit several other serious mistakes which could not be explained briefly; but we must mention the amusing statement on p. 51, that Charles the Great "posted to Milan, and, seizing *all* the chant and hymn-books containing the Milanese song, *made bonfires of them* in the middle of the city. *He also carried many with him across the Alps*," etc.

In spite of all these faults and all this unaccountable carelessness, of which we have omitted as many instances as we have given, there are some chapters which will interest musical readers. We would especially mention chapter v., in which Mr. Hope discusses Pope Gregory I.'s claim as the compiler of the Gregorian Antiphonary, the chapter on Measurable Music, a very good one on mediæval notation, the one on the introduction of the organ, and the chapter in which the claims of Guido d'Arezzo are examined. But, even in these, the reader will do well not to accept any historical statement without express reference to original sources, and to remember that, even when passages are cited, it is almost always in translations which may be, like one from St. Augustine on p. 41, of questionable accuracy.

Two Years in Palestine and Syria. By Margaret Thomas. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

One wonders, sometimes, how it is possible for all the books that are written about Palestine to find a sale. That so many are published is, perhaps, the best evidence of the intense interest which people feel in everything pertaining to the Holy Land. The present work is written from the artistic standpoint, and does not lay claim to any special Biblical or archæological knowledge. This largely disarms criticism when we are told, for example, that "the Jews brought a taste for tombs, excavated in the natural rock, from Egypt" (p. 117); but it does not pardon such numerous inaccuracies as appear throughout the book, like "Terah" for "Torah" (p. 45); "Adonai" for Jehovah or Yahweh as the unutterable sacred name of God (p. 46); "Ecco Homo" for "Ecce Homo" (p. 130); the statements that our word "hell" is derived from "gehenna" (p. 147)—that the Jordan flows from the north end of the Lake of Gennesaret (p. 201)—that the Dead Sea is "two thousand six hundred and three feet below the level of the Mediterranean" (p. 203)—that the rocks of the Judæan wilderness are lava (p. 228), etc.

The book is scrappy and somewhat inconsequent. Apparently, the two years referred to in the title were spent in Jerusalem. The author is familiar with that city, and two-thirds of the book is a description of Jerusalem, its inhabitants, its ceremonies, and the most notable sights within and about it, as far south as Hebron and as far east as the Jordan. The last third of the book is the story of a hasty trip from Jerusalem northward by the ordinary route to Damascus, from Damascus to Baalbek and Beirut, and back to Jerusalem by the coast. There is, therefore, practically nothing of Syria outside of Palestine, and in so far the title is misleading.

The charm of the book, and it has very distinctly a charm of its own, lies, not in the information which it imparts with regard to history or topography or the like (for, as already stated, it does not profess to do that), but in the artistic appreciation of the scenery and the people. The descriptions are often charming. The author saw everything of consequence at and about Jerusalem, including all the great religious ceremonies and functions. More than that, she saw what very few people do see, wonderful sunsets, moonlit mountains and valleys, plains decked with flowers, and all the picturesque effects of a most picturesque country.

At times, however, the artistic element leads her astray. The Syrians are picturesque and the Jews are distinctly unpicturesque. Hence, apparently, her conclusions with reference to the two. The Syrians "are a handsome, strong, clean, and industrious race—upright and manly, well dressed and cared for, they tread their native land as if it belonged to them; while the mean and shifty Jews, idle and cunning, creep about in the streets of Judea as if they apologized for their existence, and dare scarcely call their gabardines their own" (p. 312). She evidently met with much bigotry and superstition among the Jews in Jerusalem, but we should like to know in what language she had "a long conversation with a Jew as to his religious ideas, a subject about which little seems known" (p. 36), and who and what that Jew was. "Jews," he said, believed in transmigration. The soul of every Jew goes to hell for eleven months. Women have souls, but infinitely inferior to those possessed by men," etc., etc.

The book is beautifully illustrated with colored reproductions of paintings by the author, and the text is also illuminated by occasional facile verses from her pen. The print is large and broadly spaced, and the paper is soft to the eye. It is an attractive volume outwardly, and, in spite of its scrappiness and inconsequence and generally unscientific character, it is an agreeable book to read, and gives one a picture of the Holy Land and its inhabitants from a point of view not commonly presented. If not a work of permanent value, it nevertheless well repays the perusal of any who are interested either in Bible lands or in beautiful scenery.

Le Mécanisme de la vie moderne. IIIme Série. Par le Vicomte G. d'Avenel. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1900. 18mo, pp. 340.

If the first two volumes of this work are as good as the third, which we venture to doubt, it is well worth binding and putting on one's shelves. This volume treats of the house, of alcohol and *liqueurs*, of heating, and of horse-races. It tells all about these things as they exist to-day in Paris. For example, under the head of the house, it fully informs us concerning the different building-stones, where they come from, what precisely each kind is used for, what various defects may lessen their values, how they are tested, how cellars are dug, how long it takes a man to get out a cubic metre of earth of different kinds, how fast the wheelbarrows move, what the volume of the earth is after it is taken out, how long it takes to shovel it into a cart, where the rubbish is carried, how the foundations are constructed; all the different trades of workers in stone, plaster, and wood; the processes of stone-cutting; the laying of stones, plaster, mortar, cement, "ciment armé"; how the workmen live, how they spend their money, what they lay up, how they bathe, how often they change their sheets; contractors, their methods, their overseers, their profits, the legal requirements relative to different kinds of walls, the different styles of plastering and its substitutes, the different trades of carpenters; roofs of tiles, slate, "zinc blanc"; the locks and hardware, the marbles, paint, wall-paper, window-glass, mirrors, bow-windows, elevators, bath-rooms, closets, the dissection of the space into rooms, and so forth, with surprising accuracy. The only errors we have detected are quite unimportant. In short, the general reader will rise from the perusal knowing infinitely more about the way things are done in Paris than in New York. At the same time he will be supplied with a classified treasury of French terms relative to the arts treated of, where they can be readily recovered when they are needed for use in writing French.

Nor must it be supposed that the account is dry and tedious, for it is anything but that. As the author proceeds, he everywhere compares the present state of the arts of life with those of previous centuries in a way that evinces not only industrious

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study but real research. The whole is enlivened by many anecdotes and bits of history that are at once instructive, curious, and amusing. The French art of making a book was never more consummate. It is a mass of facts and statistics dressed up to make a charming "article-Paris." The author is of the opinion that it was not during the dark ages that dirt flourished most richly, but in *le grand siècle* of Louis XIV. We confess we can hardly believe he is right about this. However, he argues that, even in the later Middle Ages, the innumerable bagnios still served their original purpose, while the palace of Versailles had 274 *chaises percées* and not a bath-tub. He tells how an aged lady under the Restoration, visiting a château impregnated with bad smells, which had already at that date become rare, but which in her youth were usual in the best houses, remarked, "Voilà une odeur qui me rappelle un bien beau temps et de bien doux souvenirs!"

Chapter xi., about the house, is so much the best that we suspect the earlier volumes are not comparable to the third. Chapter xii., on alcohol and liqueurs, is, however, also very entertaining and full of information, and chapter xiv., concerning horse-races, will interest a great many readers; for, as M. d'Avenel remarks, of all topics that supply fuel to fashionable conversation, this is the only one about which one can discourse at length without danger of being deemed either a muff or a pedant.

The Future of the American Negro. By Booker T. Washington. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1899.

"A single school-house," Mr. Washington tells us, "built this year in a town near Boston to shelter about three hundred pupils, cost more for building alone than is spent yearly for the education, including buildings, apparatus, teachers, for the whole colored school population of Alabama." In the State of Georgia, according to a recent report of the Commissioner of Education, there were 200,000 children who had entered no school during the current year, and 100,000 who were at school but a few days. In that State the average number of school-houses, outside of towns, was sixty to a county, and their aggregate value was less than two thousand dollars. In the Gulf States not more than one black man in twenty owns the land he cultivates. It is believed that the coming census will show a negro population of ten millions; and the future of these poor and ignorant masses well deserves the anxious consideration of the country. It concerns more closely the people of the Southern States, but it will affect the welfare of the whole Union.

What that future shall be, Mr. Washington earnestly contends, will be determined by the degree of education in the industrial arts which the negroes may receive. The ordinary curriculum of the public schools of the North he holds altogether unfitted for the Southern negroes. They have not reached such a stage of development as to enable them to assimilate abstract learning. On the other hand, they are capable of proficiency in dealing with the concrete. Under slavery they were trained by their masters to be masons and carpenters and blacksmiths. Under freedom this training ceased, and the skilled workmen left no successors. The negroes have been the prey of politicians and of usurers. Without capital, and without the capacity to use it, they have enslaved themselves to those who would advance them money, and all that they earn, beyond the bare necessaries of life, goes to their creditors. They need to be taught to desire to better their condition, to deny themselves present gratifications for the sake of the future, and to make use of modern knowledge and methods in agriculture and the mechanic arts. The institution with which Mr. Washington is connected furnishes the desired teaching, and its pupils become independent and prosperous citizens. The higher walks of life are not open to them; but in the ordinary pursuits they are capable of succeeding and of bringing to their race knowledge of the conditions of success.

The Tuskegee Institute is, happily, too well known to require any description here. It may be said to prove Mr. Washington's case, and the simple and touching plea which this book sets forth ought to bring rich results. A greater return in the promotion of human welfare than has been obtained by a very moderate expenditure at Tuskegee is scarcely conceivable. The negroes are, indeed, terribly handicapped; but a race that can produce men having the devotion and the administrative capacity of the author of this book has not a hopeless future. Yet the rapidity of its progress must depend largely on the generosity of the race which so long thought to profit by its degradation.

The American in Holland: Sentimental Rambles in the Eleven Provinces of the Netherlands. By William Elliot Griffis, L.H.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. Pp. viii+403.

The sentimental journeys of which Dr. Griffis's latest book is a record, number no less than five made at various times to the home-land of the Dutchman. The author's pilgrimages are preëminently historical. His eyes, to be sure, are never closed to the picturesque, which is so much in evidence in every part of Holland, or to what is characteristic in the life of the people, but his primrose (here a red Dutch tulip) is inevitably to him something "more" in the light of its historical background, and particularly as this light reflects upon America.

It is strange that nobody has thought of doing this before. It is true that almost every book on Holland contains, perforce, this or that reference to historical places and events connecting early conditions in America with what, to an extent that we have only just begun to realize, was a mother country. Dr. Griffis's book, however, does this systematically, and, though we may have known as facts the separate details, by their combination we are given the impression of a picture that as a whole we have never before seen.

The moving sentiment, then, in the author's mind is one of piety towards our own beginnings, and his pilgrimages are in very many instances to the places of their origin. He takes us to Haarlem, to Bloemendaal, and to Breukelen, whose namesakes have carried their old names without essential change into the maze of a Greater New New York. In old Amsterdam we are shown the Pilgrim's quarters and the Brownists' alley. At Beverwijk we are reminded of the original Dutch name of Albany on the Hudson. At Franeker and Leeuwarden, in Friesland, we are told how, at a later time, the streets resounded with patriotic songs celebrating American victory, when Paul Jones appeared with his prize, the *Serapis*, in the Texel and the Zuider Zee.

It is astonishing how many and how intimate are these points of contact that appear in the author's peregrinations; and though this is, after all, but a phase of the book, to our mind it is altogether its most valuable part. Holland, in spite of some still comparatively unknown nooks and corners, is a well-travelled land, and it is in the main difficult to retell a story that has so often been told already. There is much in the book, nevertheless, even along beaten tracks, that is both new and suggestive. Particularly timely are the last chapters, vividly describing the recent inauguration of Queen Wilhelmina, of which the author had the great good fortune to be an eye-witness.

The *history* of the book is much surer than its linguistics. In the description of Middelburg, for instance, the statement is made, apropos of the charter granted to the city in 1253 by William of Holland, which the author says is the oldest deed in the Dutch language, that "the Dutch language in literature is fully as old as that of England, for here is a document which is not in Anglo-Saxon or in Latin, but in pure Dutch," as if this document of 1253 could prove anything of the kind. Bearing also upon the history of the English language is the statement, not generally recognized by the books, that "It is from Old Frisian 'wyf' that our word 'wife' comes." In this connection the author himself speaks of "reveries and wool-gathering among the brambly paths of linguistics." Many of the etymologies, like that, for instance, of "William," or "gild-helm," on p. 133, are more daring than those of Archbishop Trench of blessed memory in his most imaginative moments; but a climax of statement is reached on p. 252, where the author says: "Dutch is the vernacular in four of the Belgian provinces, and the burgomaster of Antwerp speaks Platt-Deutsch—the language of Erasmus, Vondel, Rembrant [*sic*], Bilderdijk, Boerhave, and Kuenen." It may be, of course, that the burgomaster of Antwerp has learned Platt-Deutsch as a foreign language, and thus is able to speak it, but to expatriate the rest by depriving them ruthlessly of their mother Dutch is surely not justified by the facts of the case; and the thought especially of Vondel's stately periods in Platt-Deutsch is not at all an edifying one. Linguistic, again, is the slip of the pen which calls the district about Arnhem, in Gelderland, "the Swiss Netherlands," when the Dutch themselves speak of it somewhat jocosely as "the Dutch Switzerland." This latter reminds us of a single corrigendum in a book published not many years ago: "For pithless stem read stemless pith." Of a somewhat different kind is the lapse involved in putting the Anna Paulowna street at The Hague between De Ruyter and Tromp, "like Una among the lions." If we do not stop this sort of thing—of attributing to American orators well-known lines of Milton, and of surrounding Una with lions when Spenser gave her but one—we shall ultimately be accused of not knowing our classics.

As a whole, the book is thoroughly good, and of the sort, moreover, be it said, which is above treaties and diplomatic agreements

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between nations, in that it contributes, in no small degree, to the infinitely firmer friendship born of a mutual intelligibility. It is, finally, well illustrated from photographs, and contains a map of the eleven provinces; and there is an index of objects, persons, and places.

L'Inquiet. Par Samuel Cornut. Paris: Perrin & Co. 1900.

M. Samuel Cornut is a young French writer already for some years distinguished for novels which have a stamp of their own, and have awakened in literary circles and among a portion of the public a most sympathetic echo. He was born in French Switzerland, and brought up in the honest and serious-minded little Protestant community of the Canton of Vaud, amidst the beautiful scenery of that picturesque corner of the Alps. To this origin may be ascribed the special character of his books, which reveal both a moralist of high purpose and a poet of exuberant imagination. He has a liking for the study of *cas de conscience*, which he treats with the psychological keenness and the scrupulous severity of a theologian. Moreover, his native land has endowed him with a notable gift for description, which is seen at its very best in his very odd 'Regards vers la Montagne,' a distinctly Swiss book, and in 'Chair et Marbre,' a Parisian novel which contains vivid and poetical pictures of the suburbs of Paris as well as of the Mediterranean coast.

'L'Inquiet' is mostly a psychological and moral study. The hero is a young literary man struggling in the midst of the Bohemian life of the Latin Quartier for position and a living. There is in it not much of the merriness and jollity that Bohemian life usually suggests, and 'L'Inquiet' reminds us of 'Trilby' only by contrast. M. Cornut being of a rather serious bent of mind, and his hero being a most restless fellow, he is inclined to describe to us rather the dreary and desperate side of that life; and his Paris students, boarding-houses, and journalists are, if truly, not always cheerfully, portrayed. But, besides its merits of style, its directness, and its fervid eloquence, its graphic relation, too, of certain interesting events in contemporary history, 'L'Inquiet' commends itself to the reader by an earnestness of purpose and a generosity of inspiration which are contagious and stimulating, and make of it a remarkably humane, feeling, and wholesome novel.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bacon, F. The Essays: Colours of Good and Evil. Advancement of Learning. Macmillan. $1.50.
Bien, Jos. R. Atlas of the State of Pennsylvania. Julius Bien & Co.
Cambridge, A. W. P. Select Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets. Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Candee, Helen C. How Women May Earn a Living. Macmillan. $1.
Davis, Prof. A. E. The Refraction of the Eye, Including a Treatise on Ophthalmometry. Macmillan. $3.
Gestefeld, Ursula N. Reincarnation or Immortality. The Alliance Pub. Co. $1.
Goodrich, A. J. Theory of Interpretation Applied to Artistic Musical Performance. Philadelphia: Th. Presser. $2.
Gray, M. The World's Mercy. Appletons.
Harrison, F. Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and other Literary Estimates. Macmillan. $2.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Boston: Ginn & Co. Vol. X. $1.50.
Hunt, W. The English Church from its Foundation to the Norman Conquest. Macmillan. $1.50.
Jowett, Prof. B. Thucydides Translated into English. New ed. Henry Frowde. Vols. I. and II.
Judson, H. P., and Bender, Ida C. Graded Literature Readers. Maynard, Merrill & Co. 40c.
Keeler, C. A. Bird Notes Afield. San Francisco: D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard. $1.50.
Landolt, Prof. H. Optical Activity and Chemical Composition. Whittaker & Co. $1.
Lazarus, Josephine. Madame Dreyfus. Brentanos. 50c.
Letters of the Lady —— Travels into Spain. London: Samuel Crouch; New York: Putnams. $1.50.
Lidgey, C. A. Wagner. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Litchfield, F. Pottery and Porcelain; A Guide to Collectors. Truslove, Hanson & Comba. $6.
Macaulay, G. C. The Works of John Gower. Henry Frowde. $4.
Mackay, T. History of the English Poor Law. Putnams. Vol. III.
MacPherson, Dr. J. Mental Affections: An Introduction to the Study of Insanity. Macmillan. $4.
Maguire, T. M. Outlines of Military Geography. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
McIwraith, J. N. Canada: History for Young Readers. Appletons. 60c.
McKim, W. D. Heredity and Human Progress. Putnams. $1.50.
Memorial of St. Mark's Church in the Bowery. Thomas Whittaker. $2.50.
Miles, E. H. Muscle, Brain, and Diet. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
Milton, J. Areopagitica. Cassells. 10c.
Moeller, Dr. W. History of the Christian Church. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. Vol. 3. $3.75.
Myers, G. L. Aboard "The American Duchess." Putnams. $1.
Olga Nethersole as Sapho. R. H. Russell.
Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. IV. Glass-coach—Graded. Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Page, Lillian L. Forget-Me-Nots. The Whitaker & Ray Co.
Parker, Prof. T. J., and Haswell, Prof. W. A. A Manual of Zoölogy. Macmillan. $1.60.
Perowne, Rev. T. T. The Proverbs. Macmillan. 75c.
Peyre, R. Répertoire Chronologique de l'Histoire Universelle des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Henri Laurens.
Prout, Prof. E. The Orchestra. Vol. I. Technique of the Instruments; Vol. 2, Orchestral Combination. London: Augener & Co.; New York: E. Schuberth. $4.
Purrington, W. A. Christian Science. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. $1.
Ribot, A. La Réforme de l'Enseignement Secondaire. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 3 f. 50.
Seccombe, T. The Age of Johnson. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Sheldon, W. L. An Ethical Sunday-School. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley. Plays. Macmillan. $1.50.
Sidney, Sir P. A Defence of Poesie. Cassells. 10c.
Sieveking, A. F. Gardens Ancient and Modern. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Smith, Goldwin. Shakespeare: The Man. Doubleday & McClure Co.
Stebbing, W. Sir Walter Ralegh. New ed. Henry Frowde. $1.75.
Stockton, Frank R. Novels and Stories. Uniform ed. Scribners. Vols. V. and VI.
The Franco-German War. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $7.
Thurston, H. W. Economics and Industrial History for Secondary Schools. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.

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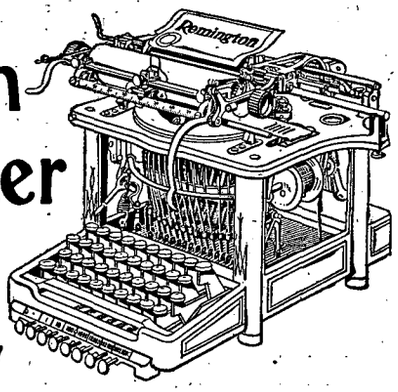

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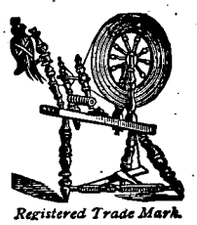

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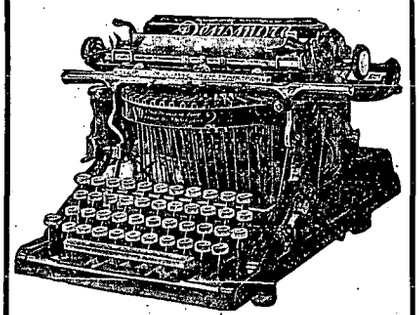

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